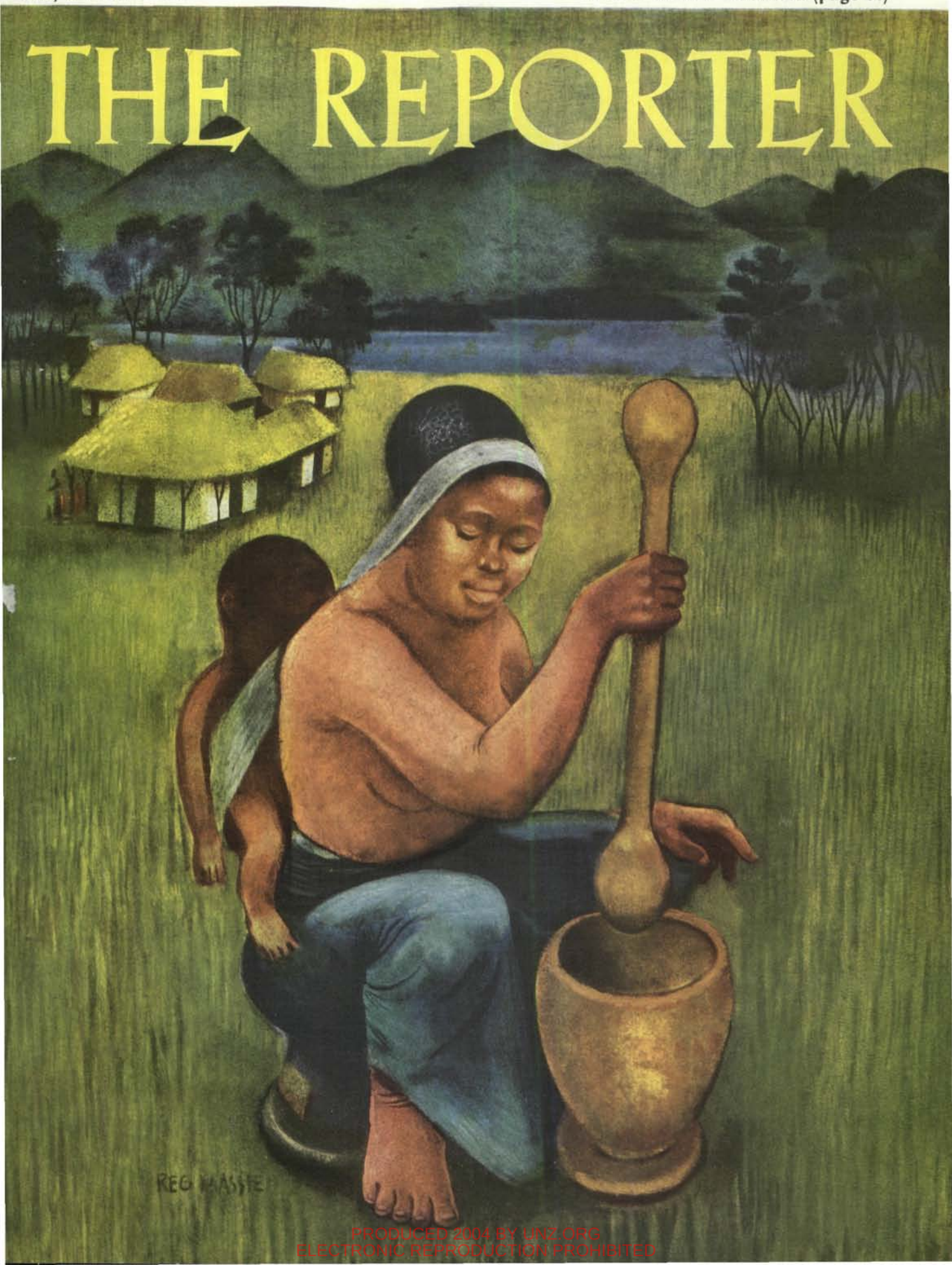
The Leadership We Need and the Leadership We Have

July 12, 1956 25¢

Chester Bowles on Africa (page 31)

THE REPORTER



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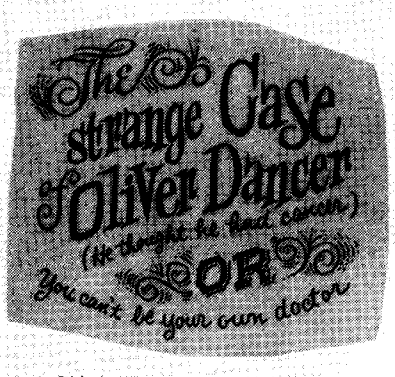
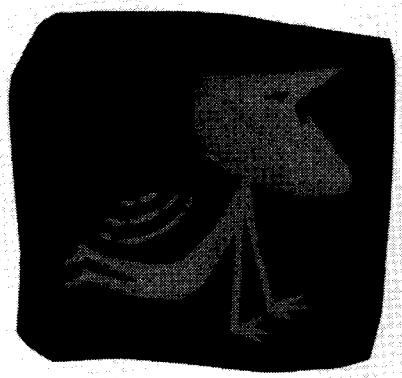
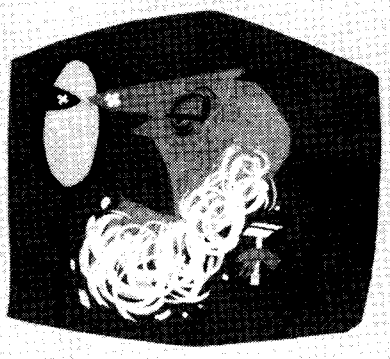


1. This is the story of an ordinary man . . . worked from 9:00 to 5:00 . . . raised hamsters in his spare time . . . steered clear of doctors.



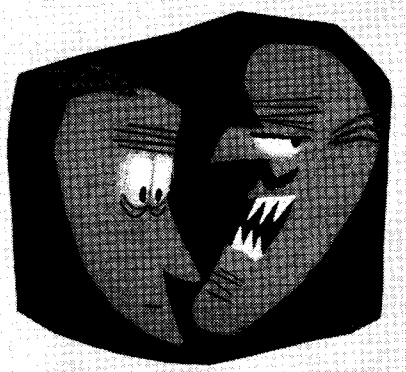
2. Oliver did twenty push-ups every morning . . . took long bracing walks in the fresh air . . . made sparing use of condiments and stimulants.



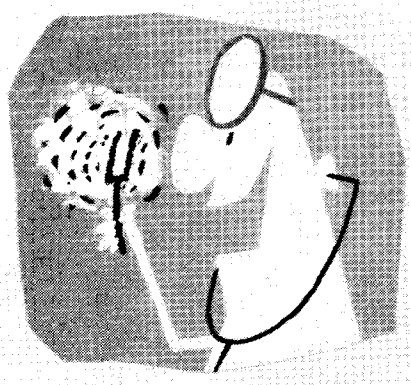
3. Then one day while he was shaving, he noticed a small lump. An icy hand reached out and clutched at his heart . . . This was it—CANCER!

4. Overnight Oliver became a changed man. He gave his hamsters to a neighbor, bought a small harp and a booklet entitled "Harp-playing for Beginners."

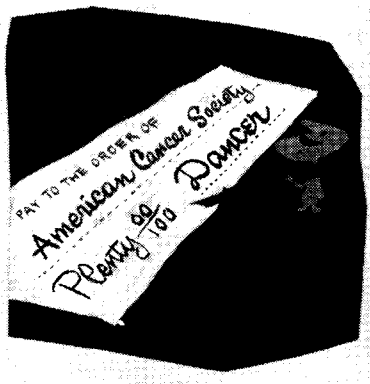
5. Instead of taking long bracing walks, he tottered into his lawyer's office, cut two nephews out of his will and hastily added a couple of codicils.



6. His lawyer, a man of real intuition, knew that where there's a will there's a way, and firmly bullied Dancer into seeing a doctor.



7. A complete checkup showed he was in perfect health, except for a minor tone deafness that would preclude much skill with the harp.



8. Dancer was so overjoyed he promptly went home and made out a very large check to the American Cancer Society, and that's what you should do, too.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

Gentlemen:

I WANT TO HELP CONQUER CANCER

☐ Please send me free information about Cancer.

☐ Enclosed is my contribution of $ ..... to the Cancer Crusade.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

9. (MAIL TO: CANCER, c/o your town's Postmaster.) Help others and help yourself. Fight Cancer with a checkup and a Check.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Every Man a Doctor

The President is recovering and, according to Press Secretary Hagerty, has not been talking politics with anybody. The stock market is doing better. The condition of international Communism, Secretary Dulles has proudly proclaimed, is "much shaken . . . loosened"; Secretary Wilson, for his part, has entertained the nation with more bobbles, and it all looks as if happier days were here again. Heady summer has begun, and sometimes you'd hardly know we were on the brink of a national campaign.

There is still something of a hospital air about. Worries on world issues don't seem as important as arguments about the President's health. Chancellor Adenauer, here to seek support for his own forthcoming electoral struggle at home, was the first visiting V.I.P. to be admitted to the sickroom. What topics were discussed during his ten minutes there is not publicly known, but on emerging he made a pronouncement on at least one matter of universal interest when he declared he thought the President's rate of recovery was a "miracle."

Thereupon French Foreign Minister Pineau, also here to win American support for *his* stand on East-West relationships, was similarly admitted. When he came out, he seemed disinclined to play the role of another visiting doctor and made no comment at all on the President's health.

Of the two, Chancellor Adenauer was obviously the favored guest, winning full support from his admirer, Secretary Dulles, for his rigid position that there shall be no settlements with the Soviets until they agree to let a reunified Germany join NATO. M. Pineau, on the other hand, got only a frown from Mr. Dulles for his views on East-West reconciliation, and the State Department so bungled his schedule that almost all of the Senate was out to lunch when he arrived to address it.

Under the circumstances, it is probably just as well that Prime Minister Nehru has been asked to postpone his visit—which he has now done, indefinitely. It would hardly help matters for him to pay a brief call on the friendly convalescent and maybe look over the herd of cows and then have to come to grips with Mr. Dulles, who has already ruled out Nehru's neutralist position as "immoral." And what would Nehru do, when asked by correspondents what *he* thought of the President's health? Echo Adenauer, and say it was miraculous? That would be a highly political remark. Or say nothing, like Pineau? That would sound political, too, and might even worsen our relations with India.

It seems to be clear that only people who can give him a certificate of excellent health should be admitted to see the President.

For Crying Out Loud

We extend our almost heartfelt sympathy to "I am the China Lobby" Alfred Kohlberg. Mr. Kohlberg has got 369,600 mildewing handkerchiefs, and that's a lot of handkerchiefs, even for a man who is a whole lobby by himself. But the worst part is the reason: The Treasury Department claims that he, Mr. Kohlberg, may have imported the things from Communist China. It's preposterous.

Kohlberg, the political man, has been an eager supporter of Chiang, and an adamant opponent of any truck with the Chinese Communists; his opinions no doubt helped to bring into being the very regulation against trading with the enemy that got him stuck with these redundant handkerchiefs.

Kohlberg, the importer, has explained to the Treasury that back in 1952 he bought Irish linen in Belfast and had it shipped to his agent in Hong Kong, where it was made by safely non-Communist hands into these lovely hand-embroidered hankies. The Department, however, isn't convinced, and has refused to issue him an import license. He has filed suit. Meanwhile the $90,000 worth of merchandise is, according to his sad statement, sitting in a warehouse and becoming stylistically outmoded (you know how it is with handkerchiefs). Unless they are released soon, he says, they will become "mildewed, discolored, and odiferous." It is enough to make a man take out his clean non-Communist handkerchief —or Kleenex, for that matter—and wipe away a tear.

It is true that Mr. Kohlberg has had trouble with geography before. Back in 1928 the Federal Trade Commission ordered his importing company to stop selling Chinese lace as Irish lace, under such beguiling and unlikely names as "Chinese Irish Lace." In 1943, again, the FTC found that his merchandise had a certain "tendency to mislead and deceive" the public about its place of

TO OUR READERS

As our regular readers know, two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 12 issue, your next copy will be dated August 9. That will be followed by the September 6 issue when our regular fortnightly publishing schedule will be resumed. The dropping of the two issues—which would have been dated July 26 and August 23—does not affect the number of issues each subscriber receives.

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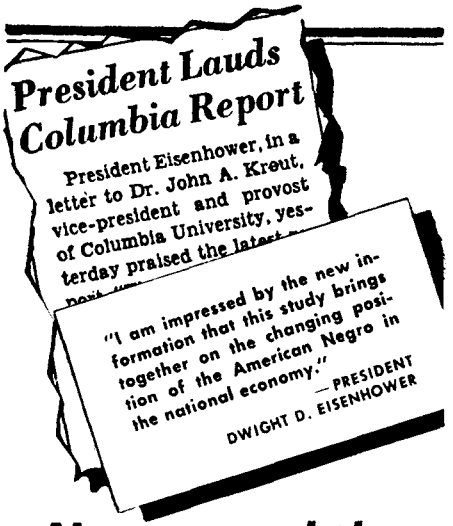
President Lauds Columbia Report
President Eisenhower, in a letter to Dr. John A. Kreut, vice-president and provost of Columbia University, yesterday praised the latest
"I am impressed by the new information that this study brings together on the changing position of the American Negro in the national economy."
—PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

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Assisted by James K. Anderson, Douglas W. Bray and Robert W. Smuts

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origin. But though Mr. Kohlberg may have had difficulty, now and then, with such things as distinguishing Ireland from China, as for mixing the Red Chinese items in the business of the China Lobby himself, we are nonplused to learn that Mr. Kohlberg has been suspected of doing anything as mildewed, discolored, and odiferous as that.

Which Way the Wind Blows

In testimony before the Symington subcommittee, Lieutenant General James M. Gavin, Army Director of Research and Development, stated a few facts which, like a flash of lightning, illuminated one of the darkest areas of the world. Replying to a question about casualties that might result from an all-out nuclear attack on Russia, General Gavin said: "Current planning estimates run on the order of several hundred million deaths . . . If the wind blew to the southeast they would be mostly in the USSR, although they would extend into the Japanese and perhaps down into the Philippine area. If the wind blew the other way they would extend well back up into western Europe. . . ."

This fact cannot be news, either to Washington or to Moscow or even to other governments whose countries lie open to the winds that would bear the disaster. There have been a few hints of the truth in the press, including, we are happy to say, *The Reporter* ("Low-Yield Atomic Weapons: A New Military Dimension," by A.T. Hadley, April 19, 1956), but in general the people themselves, both here and abroad, have been kept ignorant. Now that the full horror of the facts is becoming clear, Mr. Dulles's description of neutralism as "immoral and shortsighted" becomes something worse than obtuse.

The real shortsightedness would seem to belong to those Washington officials who are now denouncing the publication of Gavin's testimony as being inimical to our security interests. Perhaps what is causing most of the log jams in this age of atomic strategy and diplomacy is the lack of public information. Perhaps what is missing in the seemingly endless chess game of disarmament talks is the weight of aroused world opinion. The simple arithmetic of so many bombs and so many bomber wings cannot weigh against the calculus of hundreds of millions of human lives. It is no longer a question of controls but of conscience.

The Sorcerer's Apprentices

It was easier to follow Communist politics in the pre-Khrushchev days, when party leaders confessed only their own crimes. Today Khrushchev confesses Stalin's crimes; Togliatti, Thorez, and Eugene Dennis confess Khrushchev's crimes; and lower-echelon comrades are said to be confessing that Togliatti, Thorez, and Dennis were around when said crimes were done and so are, at the very least, accessories.

On the face of things, it should be easier for our own simple mind to comprehend this free swapping of charges than it was to grasp the old self-denunciations, so enthusiastic and so brimming with the suicidal urge. In the high days of the Moscow trials, high-domed experts had to remind us of the "Byzantine nature" of the régime, and intellectual apologists referred us to Dostoevsky for a quick brush-up on the Russian soul. But we had become so accustomed to thinking that their truth is not the truth that we never expected to get facts from the Communist leaders.

The result is that practically everyone who comments on the current

PLAYWRIGHT WEDS SEX SYMBOL

"He can't wait," the friend said, "until this [Arthur Miller's marriage to Marilyn Monroe] is all over so that he can go back to his typewriter." —*New York* Post

Poor soul, to have to choose
Twixt Marilyn and Muse!
Unenviable pain
To reconcile the twain!
For only time will tell
Who suffers greater hell
From privacy denied—
The man, the Muse, the bride;
Or which the greater plight:
To love her—or to write!

—SEC

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exchange of insult and counter-insult offers a choice of two interpretations. Either there has been a delightful falling out among thieves which we can sit back and enjoy (the Dulles Doctrine) or the whole thing is a remarkably devious plot in which Khrushchev has slipped the word to the heads of the national parties: "Let's pretend you're attacking me." The purpose of such a plot, the theory goes, is to make us western sillies believe that Moscow, having fallen out with the non-Russian Communists, has abandoned its interest in world revolution. At the same time, Communists in every western democracy, apparently freed of Russian control and purified of their Stalinism, would be welcomed back to legitimacy and the joys of Popular Front politics.

Since everyone has a choice of interpretations, it occurs to us to try a mixture. Mightn't it well be that the Cossacks in the Kremlin did in fact ease the reins, only to find their chargers galloping off out of control? Remember the fable about the Sorcerer's Apprentice?

The Nine Defendants

Senator Eastland has handed down an opinion that "Communist influence is working within the [Supreme] Court." Senator McCarthy, a more cautious type of judge, thinks it may be merely "incompetence" that's at work. He doesn't rule out the Eastland thesis at all, but in discussing Chief Justice Warren he brings into full play his well-known judicial temperament. "I don't accuse him of being a Communist," the Senator says, "but there is something radically wrong with him. . . . The Court has sunk to a new low since Warren took over." Justices Eastland and McCarthy found the high tribunal "insolent," "willful," and "irresponsible," besides being "pro-Communist."

The opinion is probably a hard blow to the nine defendants, but they can always appeal to the House Un-American Activities Committee. Warren is believed to stand in well with an influential former member of that body—a fellow named Nixon, who has been going around boosting him as "a great Republican Chief Justice."

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CORRESPONDENCE

DOUBLE TALK IN ART

To the Editor: When Marya Mannes ("Double Talk in Art: An Examination of Extremes," *The Reporter*, June 14) speaks of ". . . abysmal ignorance of a great part of our citizenry as to the place of art in our society . . ." she implies, unintentionally perhaps, that some enlightened citizens have a clear and certain knowledge of the place of art in our society. There is no such knowledge, there couldn't be—only conjectures—because that place is fast changing at present, a functional change, and in America also a change of size, a rapid growth. This is the deeper source of conflicts, of which the excesses we so dislike are just surface effects.

As to "the state of art here today," I am tempted to say that fewer things are wrong with it than were yesterday or the day before. Both the average and the top quality of American art are higher than ever. Our younger generation of artists is the first that can be seriously compared to its European contemporaries—as much because of Europe's withdrawal, alas, as because of our advance: Art as a whole is not on high altitudes anywhere right now.

Young artists, by the way, may already be turning away from the cruder forms of pretentiousness ahead of certain *avant-garde* critics. A reading of the *Art in America* issue quoted in your article will show how many among this group of young people have come to realize that nervous irritation plus technique is not enough to make an artist. At the same time there is a good deal of gibberish encouraged by the same critics. There is more gibberish at large, and much bias, want of standards, aimless criticism. Could anything be done about it? Something could, I believe.

We could name the good artists "hidden from public view and neglected by fashion," speak and write about them.

We could identify, document, and publicize those cases of bias and abuse in selection by public institutions that once in a while are to be found even in the world of art.

We could do little against faulty standards and poor criticism, except by providing firmer standards and better criticism. In a more leisurely world, ordinary art lovers could help to form a breeding ground for both. They could do it, I believe, by a single constant practice of benevolent yet exacting judgment of single works of art, by finding and defining their proper places in our personal mental economies, in our inner households—even Mr. Stankiewicz's potlid constructions can find a tiny place. This practice becomes infinitely more difficult as we ascend to more and more important works of art. It also becomes more challenging. It may be painfully soul-searching in the face of extraordinary works. This is the road to firm and communicable standards. But how many of those who care for art have time for such a practice? How many among these few have voice articulate enough to share their findings? Yet while the new place of art and new standards are being shaped by an interplay of popular and professional forces, the more sincere and civilized people testify, the more the outcome will be to their liking.

RAMY ALEXANDER
New York

To the Editor: It is clear that Marya Mannes refuses to be taken in by the tiresome clichés of an *avant-garde* clique that is marching to nowhere in worn-out uniforms or the pretensions of self-styled artists who have not learned that undisciplined expressions of the ego are not art. Small wonder that the layman cannot pay homage to their incoherent fumblings. For if he is sometimes slow to discern the best, he will always reject work that is anarchic and obscurantic.

Miss Mannes quotes some statements by a few of these men which provide excellent evidence of their fuzzy thinking, but perhaps the most pertinent note in an article full of sound comments is her indictment of the group she describes as "the guardians of aesthetic standards, the museum directors, the exhibitors, and the art critics." For while it is possible to overlook the self-conceits of an incompetent but perhaps ingenuous artist, it is difficult to find an excuse for those who should have enough knowledge of the long and proud history of art to possess some catholicity of taste, and integrity to support the work of men whom they know to be serious craftsmen, rather than aid and abet the public to succumb to the novelty of passing fads and fancies.

No doubt epithets will be hurled at Miss Mannes from both sides of the fence. This will only serve to confirm her fine sense of discrimination and her wisdom.

HAROLD STERNER
Island Park, Long Island

To the Editor: If Miss Mannes believes that there is an "ordinary American who loves art," that nonobjective sculpture is experimental or cultish, that the artist can be in "rapport with the majority," that extremism is necessarily detrimental to art, and that what "people understand" is a critical standard, then she is abdicating as a critic.

She is concerned about the ordinary American. How about the extraordinary American? Doesn't Miss Mannes care about minorities? What kind of liberalism is this?

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB
Brooklyn

To the Editor: Miss Mannes writes, in general, as though it were necessary to think about art in terms of Left, Center, and Right; that is, politically. She seems to find a void in the center, which for her exists between complete abstraction and the realism of Norman Rockwell (which by the way is not photographic).

Miss Mannes quotes me [from an article in *Art News*]. The whole article was so altered without my knowledge or consent that I disclaim responsibility for it, although I do not think Miss Mannes would like my actual article any better than the version that was printed. The first sentence as I wrote it said: "An artist, concerned about the subject, as abstract artists are much more than realist artists, and finding no present objects that generally occupy the imagination, and noticing further the current prestige of anthropology, will see that public objects of the imagination existed once in the past, and may even survive now in other lands."

I think it is impossible for the critic to be so objective as to step outside of time and relate both the present and the past to some eternal, unchanging system of values. And I think the standards of politics are insensitive and irrelevant. I also think standards based on what "people understand" are debased standards: The question is, What people? I suggest that only people who are really interested (and not for political reasons or because they think culture is a good thing), and who pay attention, count. I do not think Miss Mannes is really interested, and I do not think she pays attention.

FAIRFIELD PORTER
Sunset, Maine

To the Editor: I, who work as both an editor and as a painter, would like to ask what quizzes Miss Mannes would apply to the arrogant young artists who she asserts have not "earned the right" to exhibit their work. Her article "Double Talk in Art" sets its sights upon beauty and human compassion, which, it is suggested, lie somewhere between extremes in style. Why? She asserts that the Zorach panel might not have been bounced from the Houston bank if the artists were receiving a congenial press from the fashionable reviews. Is this the way to earn that right? What "right?"

RUSSELL S. STEIN
New York

To the Editor: Here is Marya Mannes branching out critically into a field where she has taken the trouble neither to study nor think long or deeply. Her denunciation of an entire generation of serious and intelligent painters, her out-of-context quotations from a less-than-front-rank reviewer to prove it, and her unwontedly bitter and sweeping generalizations are entirely out of keeping with her usual liberal, balanced, and intelligent reportage.

PATRICK H. CLARK, JR.
Norfolk, Virginia

Miss Mannes Replies:

The many attacks directed against my article make me feel that I have little recourse other than writing it over again. For I had thought it clear that the piece concerned itself primarily with the double talk expressive of two extreme positions in art—a talk, incidentally, which my critics have not attempted to defend or explain. Neither in title nor in content was the piece ever

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intended to be an examination of art today; that would need a volume.

The four major criticisms embodied in the attacks against me are, in essence:

1. That I condemn nonobjective or abstract art as such.
2. That I claim there is no access to any art other than the extremes mentioned.
3. That I do not define my aesthetic standards (or that none are valid).
4. That I do not know what I am talking about.

¶ A rereading of the article should make answers to 1 and 2 unnecessary. At no point was nonobjectivism or abstraction attacked as such. When I mentioned "nonobjective sculptors whose work may not communicate as directly but who obviously know and care what they are doing, whether in iron, wood, or space," I meant just that. The abstract sculpture of Isamu Noguchi may not be understood by all, but few can fail to recognize the great skill and control with which he handles form, space, and surface. The same is true of several less widely known artists, the content of whose work may be mysterious but whose mastery of the material chosen is obvious.

What I criticized was the element of undisciplined expression marking so much of the work now exhibited and extolled in the kind of double talk quoted: a contempt of craftsmanship and the sensuous visual pleasures produced by it which anyone with a respect for the medium itself—whatever it may be—can instantly recognize. If people must make an effort to understand what an artist means they might at least be given a chance to enjoy the manner in which he communicates.

¶ Of course there are plenty of American artists who are neither abstract extremists nor ultrarealists. My contention was that the good ones among them are not given the currency or attention enjoyed by the former in the "art press" and the latter in the mass-circulation press, both of which mislead the public instead of presenting it with some road map to creative values, free from either fashion or politics.

¶ I apply aesthetic standards in the form of three questions:

(a) Does it communicate, in the sense of heightening the viewer's insight into the world outside or within?

(b) Has it content, in the sense of containing a human experience at once personal and universal?

(c) Does the artist have command of his medium?

If these were applied today, a great deal of what is exhibited would fall into the more fitting categories of "display," "therapy," "experimentation," or "gag," as in humor.

¶ It is possible that a long acquaintance with art of the past and present and with working artists of many persuasions is not sufficient qualification for the expression of opinion on art and art criticism. In that case I can only say that it qualifies me to speak for a great number of sensitive and intelligent people who are not only bewildered but affronted by a great deal of the art which is presented to them today as significant and important. It is they to whom the kind of double talk I quote does such a great disservice.

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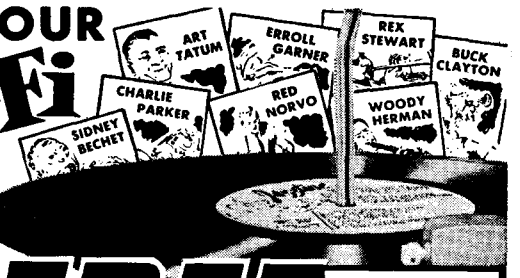

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT IS no idle speculation to compare the kind of leadership we should have with that provided by the present Administration. The problems we face are so clear and compelling that the way we should confront them appears mandatory to anyone who takes the trouble to consider them. They all have to do with our major antagonists, the Soviets, who in the post-Stalin era have undertaken what purports to be the transformation of their empire into a commonwealth of free nations. **Max Ascoli's** editorial deals with this latest Russian offensive and with Russia's entry into the field of foreign assistance. A useful supplement to what the editorial has to say about the urgently needed integration of the world's economies is to be found in the essay **W. W. and Elspeth Rostow** have written for us on Gunnar Myrdal's latest book. Mr. and Mrs. Rostow both teach at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In our negotiations with the Russians, one of the hardest nuts to crack concerns armament reduction. **William R. Frye,** U.N. correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, radio commentator, and lecturer, brings us the startling news that, distant as we still are from a settlement of this question, our chances of reaching one have improved remarkably.

The Administration's public-relations wizards are attempting an unprecedented task—that of proving that a Presidentless White House works just as well as one with an active President at the head of it. Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** describes the way the White House machinery has been working before and after the President's illness.

PREOCCUPIED as we are with the big political problems that affect our nation's destiny, we tend to forget the way politics in a democracy works at precinct or Congressional levels. A letter by Representative Wright Patman (D., Texas) constitutes striking firsthand evidence of the tribulations a conscientious national legislator has to endure.

Isaac Deutscher brings us his own interpretation of the astounding confession act that Khrushchev went into at the close of the Twentieth Communist Party Congress. Mr. Deutscher's interpretation is particularly authoritative in view of the reputation he has won as a student of Communist leaders in his political biographies of Stalin and Trotsky.

Paul Jacobs, a frequent contributor, shows us what the Fifth Amendment has come to represent in the minds of so many people.

In the first of two articles **Peter Schmid** makes it very clear that visiting Red China these days is a hell of a job. Mr. Schmid writes for Swiss magazines and newspapers, notably for *Die Weltwoche*. His articles have been translated from the German by Richard Winston.

Ray Alan, who frequently writes for us from the Middle East, reports that Jordan may have its own little Nasser or its vest-pocket Atatürk.

QUITE A NUMBER of writers have recently been traveling in Atrica but few of them show such understanding and sympathy as **Chester Bowles** in describing the difficulties new nations encounter while emerging from colonialism.

Bernice Kavinoky, author of *Honey from a Dark Hive,* has written a touching short story which shows that even vacations can sometimes prove an ordeal.

Sylvia Wright, who has contributed to *Harper's* (*Bazaar* and Magazine) and *Mademoiselle,* describes the American Academy in Rome and the happy life of the fortunate few who are its guests.

Leslie A. Fiedler is the author of *An End to Innocence: Essays on Culture and Politics.*

Marc Slonim, who was born in Russia and has an unusually thorough knowledge of Russian, European, and American literature, is teaching now at Sarah Lawrence.

Reg Massie, our Art Editor, painted the cover for this issue.

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Matrix of Commonwealths

ELECTORAL season and summer heat notwithstanding, what may turn out to be much more than a great debate on our country's diplomacy and strategy has got under way. The legislators on the Hill are participating in it by raising one *why* after another to policies that for years had been the object of ritual grumbling and ritual approval. Secretary Dulles has been regaling the nation lately with some of his best-constructed, most neatly phrased papers—ideally suited for publication in *Foreign Affairs* as a contribution to the current debate by an elderly retired diplomat. Unfortunately, Mr. Dulles is not yet retired, and as our country's Secretary of State he still goes on preaching what he does not practice, and practicing what he cannot bring himself to preach. After having sermonized about change, he finds that there is nothing changed in Adenauer's hold on his people or in the prospect of German rearmament. He cannot quite bring himself to say that the satellite countries can find in some form of Titoism what he used to call "liberation." Occasionally his theories are daring, particularly when unsupported by known facts—as when he finds evidences of a liberal evolution in Soviet Russia.

On the anti-Administration side, there has been George Kennan's searching criticism of our diplomacy, first publicized in a summary by James Reston and then carried by a number of periodicals. Mr. Kennan vigorously contradicts the contradictory nature of our foreign policy. Once more he practices containment; this time he masterfully contains the arrant nonsense and wasted motion of American diplomacy, and cogently states what the foreign policy of the nation should *not* be.

Yet the preceptorial correction of current mistakes, the description of realities that confront us, must be followed by the mapping out of a course of action—and fast. By no stretch of the imagination can our relations with Soviet Russia be called a balance of power. Even to call it a balance of terror may no longer be right, for this kind of terror, resulting from the weapons available to both sides, does not lend itself to any more or less stabilized balance. Rather, it may be called a modification of Russian roulette in which the two players are presumed to pull the trigger at approximately the same time. To judge from the preparedness on both sides there are no empty chambers in either gun, and the premium is on initiative. It is plainly unthinkable that our country would ever be the first to pull the trigger.

The same cannot be said of our antagonist. Yet this insane substitute for mutual security which keeps the whole of mankind in constant fright has been denounced most persistently not by us but by our antagonist. Time is running short and, in a few years, new technological inventions may both increase the premium and diminish the risk of initiative. To start an all-out war may no longer be suicidal and the use of total force may be totally rewarding—at least in the opinion of some reckless statesman.

A few days before the President once again was taken ill, Premier Bulganin wrote him that time was running short. It has become fashionable lately among some right-wing Republicans, and some Democrats in search of a personality, to scoff at the correspondence between the President and the Soviet leaders. Actually, the plight of our country would not be half as dire if during the past nine months the Russian leaders had had a real correspondent answering them. Destiny willed that the President be stricken a few weeks after he returned from Geneva, and that he could never resume his Geneva role.

Incorrigible Imitators

Approximately one year after the Summit meeting, we can see the use the Soviet leaders have made of the opportunities chance offered them. They have done something more than relentlessly pursue a policy aimed at the unhinging of our alliances. They have stolen the commonwealth idea from us and—to judge by the results—they are getting away with it. The tyrannical, monolithic unity of the Stalinist third of the world is being recast into what purports to be a commonwealth of sovereign, interdependent nations.

By transforming the Stalinist empire into an ersatz commonwealth, the Soviet leaders have immeasurably increased the appeal of Communism. No matter how

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and why prompted, or by whom, the execution in effigy of Joseph Stalin promises to be an extremely rewarding operation for the leaders of international Communism. It is astonishing to see what has been achieved simply by replacing a dead dictator with three or four live ones.

As always, Communist imitation of western institutions or ideas is a debasement of what is copied, and a fraud. Such is the case with the commonwealth idea, as we can see from the way the Communists behave in the countries they are trying to bring within their orbit. Their economic assistance to Asian and African nations is a clever mixture of old-fashioned colonialism and industrial gadgeteering. The production of agricultural raw material in the underdeveloped countries is fostered, for the Communist failure in agriculture can be relieved as long as there are monocultured and underdeveloped countries that can be kept monocultured and underdeveloped. But at the same time, the Russians keep on shipping prefabricated steel mills into the middle of deserts and jungles.

True enough, the men in the Kremlin may be facing great difficulties at home, and Stalin's successors may be given during their lifetime the treatment they inflicted posthumously on their master. It is also possible, however, that they may be as lucky and as successful at home as they have been so far abroad. Talk about a Russian Napoleon, or a Soviet *Thermidor*, has been going on practically since the beginning of the Revolution, nourished by the confidence which so many people share that history invariably is kind enough to repeat itself. This confidence is to be found among believers in "scientific" Marxism, as well as among addicts to lazy generalization. It is possible the Russian Communists may prove once more what a poor economist and bad prophet Marx was. It is possible that their external expansion may be accompanied and energized by a relaxation of internal tyranny. Should this happen, it may turn out that the Russians have skipped the so-called Napoleonic phase of external expansion accompanied by internal tyranny. Perhaps the Russians and the satellite peoples have already absorbed under Stalin all the tyranny human flesh can bear.

What We Are Good At

How the latest Russian adventure will end is not a matter of idle historical speculation. The outcome depends very much on us, on our nation's answer to Russian daring. The Russians, who are not free, have a limited degree of responsibility—and this may apply even to their leaders, so busy and clever in riding waves of history. But we are responsible, for we are free, and the preservation of our freedom depends on how we face our responsibility.

We cannot let the Russians get away with the expansion of their orbit and the establishment of a new colonialism. The Russians have brought home to us a lesson we should never have forgotten: In mid-century, to be a great power means to be the matrix of a commonwealth. Britain is fighting to keep this position, France has probably already lost the fight. Russia is the latest entry—and the most redoubtable.

But the commonwealth idea belongs to the English-speaking peoples. This is not out of any sacred right but because this country, as well as Britain, has developed in the course of centuries an extraordinary skill in weaving compacts among self-governing bodies, in ensuring within the confederated or integrated entities a range of usable, responsible independence. Together with a few other nations, we have moved steadily toward an order of things where the individual too is guaranteed his own range of independence, a measure of welfare, and the right to participate in public affairs. The Russians are still so far away from this ultimate goal that they cannot even dimly visualize it. It can also be said in all truth that the newfangled transformation of the Russian empire, that alleged commonwealth, is a plain phony.

Yet ultimate survival and victory will not be achieved simply by stating and restating that our major antagonist is a phony. Neither will it be achieved by going back to old-time diplomacy with its more or less self-regulating balance of power. This modern world of ours cries for integration, for gradual and steady reduction in the still appalling discrepancies between the standard of living in the underdeveloped countries and that in the most industrialized.

We, as well as the British, are the only ones who can take the major initiatives where action is most urgently needed: in the reduction of armaments, first of all. This must lead us to a gradual, phased co-operation with our antagonist—a competitive co-operation both to reduce the threat of war and to develop the economies of the underprivileged nations. This competition is an extraordinarily tough game, for no illusion is possible as to the nature and the methods of our antagonist. It will be extremely difficult to set up the rules of competition and keep them enforced. At present, for instance, the Soviets are busy fanning nationalisms everywhere. Should they have their way, the broadest commonwealth of them all, the United Nations, would turn into a bedlam of disunited, runaway nationalisms—just a name for chaos.

It is up to our country to show how both nationalism and imperialism can be bypassed. This should be the main theme of the great debate on the diplomatic and strategic policies our country should follow—a debate not just about foreign affairs but about resuming that job of commonwealth building which was first started when this nation was founded.

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Disarmament, Diplomacy, And the Flames of Hell

WILLIAM R. FRYE

ONCE AGAIN the United Nations rings up the curtain on that twentieth-century morality play called "disarmament negotiations." Charity, in the form of Jules Moch, is again pleading with Vice, played by Arkady Sobolev; while Virtue (Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.) scolds and postures, and Faith, in the person of Harold Stassen, is off in the wings affirming that all will be well.

The performance has been going on for ten years now, but still it holds a certain interest. The spoken lines may be trite and predictable, but the Flames of Hell backstage are real. The world is fast approaching a point of no return beyond which the specter of push-button destruction—H-bomb-carrying missiles winging five thousand miles in twenty to thirty minutes—can no longer be banished by any known means whatsoever.

This year there is a fundamental new element in the drama—an element so important that the whole performance could take on new life. For the first time, there is a basis for genuine disarmament negotiation between the United States and the Soviet Union. The two great atomic powers have at last accepted the same basic premise with respect to the atomic age, and have drawn from it—broadly speaking—the same basic conclusion.

The premise is that the bomb is here to stay—that it cannot be legislated out of existence because no such legislation can be enforced, and the party that complied unilaterally would do so at its mortal peril. The conclusion is that no disarmament treaty has any chance of acceptance if it involves the elimination of nuclear weapons, that they must be lived with and the chance of their being used somehow reduced. The objective of disarmament negotiation, in short, must be to stabilize the nuclear stalemate, the balance of terror, preferably at a lower level of expense and manpower.

'Prohibition' Abandoned

Until 1955, all disarmament plans—western and Soviet—either began or ended with prohibition and elimination of nuclear weapons. It was a step forward when, in the autumn of 1954, the Russians put elimination last, where we had it, rather than first; but elimination was still there, and everything else was conditional upon it. Since there was

never going to be any elimination, there could never be any agreement. Both sides knew this, but nevertheless went on "negotiating."

In May, 1955, the Soviet Union dropped a broad hint that this nonsense should stop. Moscow pointed out publicly and officially what atomic scientists had known for at least five years but none among the negotiators except Moch had dared say—that "elimination" could not be enforced. In August the United States took the hint. We dropped elimination from our docket of disarmament proposals.

This was a desperately dangerous thing to do because much of world opinion was emotionally wedded to the idea of doing away with the bomb. We could be portrayed as clasping the bomb to our bosom. It was necessary to distract public opinion with something spectacular, something simple and dramatic, something on which all eyes could be focused—and the "open-skies" plan, an ingenious idea in many ways, served this purpose fairly well.

Last March 27, the Russians also abandoned prohibition of atomic weapons. They did so by way of the back door, proposing that other disarmament steps be taken without making them conditional on atomic prohibition—which, they said with tongue in cheek, might be long delayed. Andrei Gromyko, who laid the new position before the U.N. Disarmament subcommittee in London, kept glancing over his shoulder at previous positions, as if he might turn tail and run back to them at any moment. At one stage, he tried to stand on both his 1954-55 and 1956 positions at the same time. Well might he be embarrassed. His country had spawned the Stockholm "Peace" Appeal ("We demand the outlawing of atomic weapons as instruments of intimidation and mass murder of peoples. . . ."), had dragooned several hundred million persons into signing it, and had keyed its propaganda for years to the theme of atomic prohibition. Now, although the U.S.S.R would not admit it in public, it was abandoning that objective. In private Gromyko acknowledged the change; indeed, he made much of it, claiming to have met the American position.

Like the United States, the Russians sought out something dramatic and eye-catching to distract world

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opinion from their decision to keep the bomb. Their solution was a spectacular cut in their unnecessarily large armed forces—a cut of 1.2 million, if we are to believe the announced intention. This maneuver, like ours, has so far solved the public-relations problem. The world has scarcely noticed the far more important shift in Soviet policy. And the Kremlin has continued to keep attention riveted on the manpower cut—viz., the Bulganin letter to President Eisenhower of June 7, the spotlighting of troop withdrawals from Germany, and the invitation to the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff.

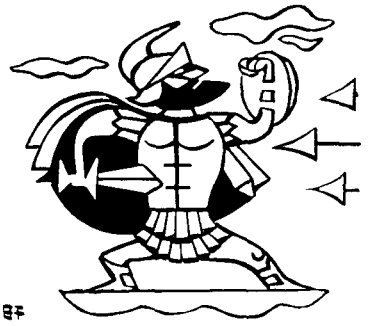
What happened at London this spring was that the two great atomic powers agreed on the starting point of an arms treaty. They accepted the atomic stalemate, and agreed that it should continue; they did not agree on how to reduce the perils inherent in it. Both said they wanted to reduce those perils, and both had plans to that end. Both said they understood the enormous urgency of the task. Therefore, for the first time in ten years there was a basis for negotiations.

BROADLY SPEAKING, there are four ways in which to stabilize the nuclear stalemate of our times.

One would be to halt the development of radical new weapons, so that while the old and by now conventional ones—including nuclear weapons and their present carriers—would remain with us, they would not be supplanted in three, five, or ten years by push-button warfare. The era of intercontinental missiles might thus be forestalled.

Another possible approach—the one that has dominated American official thinking for the past year—is the establishment of an alarm system designed to eliminate the factor of surprise from atomic attack, and hence to minimize the risk of all-out atomic warfare.

Still another way of rendering the atomic age less perilous would be to make certain that nations not now possessing hydrogen and atomic bombs do not obtain them. Because there are three powers with atomic stockpiles at present—Britain is included—this problem is referred to as the "fourth-country problem." Unless it is solved in a very short time, scores of countries will gain the capability of making bombs as the normal result of exploiting the peaceful uses of atomic energy.



A-bombs and H-bombs, as Moch has said, would be as common as artillery shells. The political decision to begin a bomb-making program may be made in some countries in a matter of months.

Finally, there is a wide range of steps that could be taken to remove the causes of war and to cut down on the warmaking potential of the great powers. They include, for example, manpower reductions, conventional-weapon cuts, and the transfer of weapon-grade fissionable material from bomb stockpiles to peaceful uses. The whole atoms-for-peace program is a method of stabilizing the nuclear stalemate. Among other things, it is a tangential attack on the fourth-country problem.

Re-entry Permit?

Within a very few years—perhaps as few as three or four—unless something is done to curb the development of missiles, countries as far apart geographically as the United States and the Soviet Union will be able to devastate the other on ten to fifteen minutes' notice. That is roughly the time it would take for a 16,000-mile-per-hour "bird" to go the 3,000-odd miles between the first radar stations and the target. As few as twenty such missiles with hydrogen warheads, perhaps even fewer if precisely on target, might put the United States at the mercy of an invader; and two hundred or so could come pretty close to knocking this country into the Stone Age.

Once missiles are developed and perfected, with launching platforms built deep underground and weapon stockpiles hidden nearby, it is difficult to see how any international treaty could deal with the danger. A prohibition must be enforceable; secret evasion has to be technically impossible. By means of aerial photography, many missile-launching platforms could be detected—but not necessarily all; particularly in a country the size of the Soviet Union, it might easily be possible to hide quite a few. Only some technological breakthrough that would enable inspectors to detect all the buried platforms with complete certainty would meet the problem.

There is, however, a comparatively short period of grace. Two important problems remain to be solved in intercontinental-missile development: how to bring the missile down from the stratosphere into the earth's atmosphere at a speed of thousands of miles per hour without such friction-produced heat as to burn up the missile and/or touch off its warhead (the "re-entry problem"); and how to home the missile onto its target. At its present stage of development, the 5,000-mile intercontinental ballistic missile (the I.C.B.M.) could not be counted upon to land closer than 100 to 200 miles from its target. That is not close enough to be sure of knocking out the enemy, even with hydrogen warheads. There may be a year or two before these problems are licked.

Without testing, they might never be licked. Certainly the period of grace would be lengthened. Several governments, therefore, including the United States and Canada, have been giving serious thought to the possibility of prohibiting missile tests and setting up a world-wide network of radar stations to detect violations. The reasoning is that no country would risk using an untried weapon against an enemy capable of nuclear retaliation because the weapon might not work, or at least might not be accurate enough to achieve a total knockout—and then there would be the counterblow. Knowing in advance that it would be unduly perilous to use the weapon, a country might not make the huge investment of money, material, and man-hours necessary to build it.

Would this moratorium work? Skeptics say the idea of halting the progress of weapons technology is reminiscent of King Canute. Laboratory tests could go on in secret; under simulated conditions, in a

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wind tunnel, the re-entry problem no doubt could be solved sooner or later. But, scientists reply, probably not the problem of target accuracy. Without knowing exactly where it would land, no country might ever dare to launch a "live" I.C.B.M.

So far, neither the Soviet Union nor the United States—nor anyone else—has come forward in the U.N. Disarmament subcommittee with a plan to deal with missiles. Such a plan may appear at the current session of the full twelve-nation Disarmament Commission or in the subcommittee later in the year.

Making Surprise Impossible

In the realm of weapons already in hand, the problem of stabilizing the nuclear stalemate is somewhat more manageable, though still difficult enough. Both the Soviet Union and the United States have proposed that the element of surprise be eliminated from atomic war, thus making massive attack—a sneak knockout blow—too risky to undertake. The Russians invented this idea, but their primitive plan—ground "control posts" to watch for conventional mobilization—would never have been adequate unless the blueprint meant more than it actually said. We have countered with a fuller, more practical version in which the "control posts" at airfields, for example, would consist of inspectors with instruments to monitor the flights of all aircraft capable of reaching enemy territory with bomb loads. The inspectors and their instruments would be in constant touch with a central headquarters, so that the prospective victim would be alerted the moment a good-sized squadron began to act suspiciously. For detection of secret airfields built on short notice, and to do other tasks, we would have "sentinels of peace" flying overhead with ever-present cameras.

Stassen did his best at London to sell a workable early-warning system both to Gromyko and to Nikita Khrushchev, who visited Britain during the session. There was a series of remarkably cordial and apparently useful private talks between Stassen and Gromyko. Some were formal, with full staffs and U.N. interpreters; others were highly informal—at luncheons, dinners, the theater, and cocktail parties. Repeatedly, when representatives of the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France, and Canada got together socially, which was several times a week, Gromyko and Stassen would put their heads together. These talks were not exactly behind the backs of Britain, France, and Canada, because the others were kept informed; but nevertheless the Allies, especially Britain and France, were concerned and annoyed.

In these talks, Stassen did his utmost to bring Gromyko around to aerial reconnaissance, in vain. Either the Russians are bargaining very hard or they are determined not to give us the intelligence advantage we would gain from continuous photographic inspection of their country. So Stassen came back to Washington to do what our Allies long have urged us to do: take a new look at the "open-skies" plan and see if it really is essential to have complete fly-over from the very outset of an early-warning system. The reappraisal is still under way, but there is already clear indication that we shall be less rigid on this point in the future. At some stage in the disarmament process, there must be aerial reconnaissance; everyone except the Soviet Union is agreed on that, and even the Russians say they may be willing to "consider the possibility." But it may not be necessary from the very beginning, if radar

and other electronic equipment can be used on the ground.

The Fourth-Country Problem

None of these schemes for stabilizing the nuclear stalemate would provide a safe world for very long if scores of small countries, some with leaders who are reckless or worse, began to accumulate atomic and hydrogen bombs. As Moch told the subcommittee (and then discreetly deleted from the record), at least three "fourth" countries—West Germany, Israel, and Japan—are now or soon could be in a position to build bombs. So, of course, are France and Canada. India, Sweden, Brazil, and perhaps Argentina are not many years away from a bomb capability. We have no way of being sure, but we must presume Communist China and some of the East European satellites are also well advanced. If the time ever came when, for example, Israel and the Arab States began brandishing atomic bombs at each other, or North and South Korea got hold of these weapons, the world would be a dangerous place indeed.

One partial answer to the fourth-country problem is the United Nations atoms-for-peace agency, due to be launched this fall. The agency is to have extensive power to make certain no country receiving its assistance uses that assistance to make bombs. But in spite of efforts to make its largess attractive, not all countries will be dealing with the agency.

The United States, in extending direct atomic assistance to other nations, has always taken precautions against the manufacture of bombs. We do not know whether the Soviet Union has done likewise in its bilateral arrangements with Red China and the East European satellites. The United States is trying to persuade Moscow to join in placing all "bilaterals" under the agency's police system.

Such measures, however, even if fully in effect, do not cover the waterfront. The only real solution to the fourth-country problem would be a universal prohibition of bomb manufacture, strictly enforced. The difficulty is that many countries would refuse to accept the inspection and other supervision involved in such a prohibition unless it applied to all alike, including the three great powers. The three have approached the subject very gingerly. The United States has dipped a toe in the water; Britain has made brave gestures on the diving board. But the Soviet Union will not even put on a bathing suit. Efforts to draw

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Gromyko into discussion of the subject in the subcommittee met with stony silence.

At London, Britain and France proposed a phased disarmament program which included, at a late stage, a prohibition of the manufacture and use of nuclear weapons. This was really Moch's idea. British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Anthony Nutting joined in sponsoring it against the advice of some of his staff. The British actually do not want to stop making bombs at this time; they have hardly started. Nutting was careful to specify that the prohibition would not take effect (among other preconditions) until Germany was unified in freedom. This was a very effective hedge, virtually guaranteeing that Britain would have plenty of time to complete its stockpile.

The American Proposal

On March 1, shortly before the subcommittee met, President Eisenhower proposed in a letter to Premier Bulganin that all future production of fissionable material be used for peaceful purposes. This would give a big boost to the atoms-for-peace program, and would make it necessary for the Big Three to be inspected along with the rest; but it would not represent any significant curb on our warmaking power. We would be free to use fissionable materials produced in the past (of which we have an ample stockpile) to make missile warheads, rockets, depth charges, etc.—any atomic weapons we wished. So could Britain and the Soviet Union, to the extent that they have reserves. But most other countries would be effectively frozen out from making bombs.

There is a logical justification for this distinction between future production and material already made. Future production can be controlled; with a very small percentage of probable error, inspectors can satisfy themselves that it is all used for peace. But past production is quite another story. It would be useless to tell the Soviet Union, for example, that it could not make additional weapons with material already at hand, or shift material from one weapon to a new and better model, because there is no way of finding out how much weapon-grade fissionable material the Russians have. It could easily be hidden where no inspector could possibly find it. Moreover, whatever the merits of the American scheme, it may not be

palatable to small countries, some of which are likely to resent the implication that big brothers can have the bomb while they—supreme in their sovereignty—cannot be trusted with it.

Stassen went beyond the March 1 letter at London, proposing to reduce the size of the American fuel stockpile by transfers to peaceful uses if the Russians would do the same thing with their reserves. Thus the big brothers' bomb-making capacity would be progressively reduced. But no one really thought, and Stassen did not suggest, that either side would ever let itself get below the point where it could totally destroy the other several times over. And there is another practical difficulty. The Soviet reserves would be likely to give out before ours unless the Kremlin, pleading poverty, failed to match our transfers. Neither alternative—a depleted stockpile or loss of face—would be likely to appeal to the Kremlin. It is a neat move on our part, but it is not likely to improve the chances of agreement.

Arms and Men

The remaining method of stabilizing the nuclear stalemate is by negotiating political settlements and by reducing conventional armaments and armed forces. We have managed to get ourselves over a barrel in the manpower area—with, of course, an assist from the Soviet Union.

Back in 1952, the western Big Three made the mistake of proposing that the armed forces of the United States, the Soviet Union, and China (meaning Red China) each be limited to between one million and 1.5 million men. This latter was the number we had had under arms prior to the Korean War. We thought we were perfectly safe in putting it forward, for the Kremlin seemed fixed on the idea of a one-third reduction across the board, thereby perpetuating the Soviet Union's manpower advantage. The Kremlin would not hear of numerical ceilings.

Inside the Soviet Union, however, a military "new look" has been under way, similar to the one we undertook soon after the Eisenhower Administration took office. The Russians, too, have had to decide upon the role of manpower in the atomic age; and their Ridgways—the men who feel that manpower is still at least as important as ever—seem to have lost the argument. The massive Red Army is being scaled down; our intelligence confirms that the process has begun. The decision to de-emphasize manpower having been taken, there was no longer any reason for the Soviets to resist our 1952 force-level figures; so on May 10, 1955, they embraced them, loudly proclaiming that they had made a great concession to our point of view.

AT THIS POINT we gulped and took a new look at the levels we had put forward in 1952. Could we cut down to pre-Korea size? Obviously not, said the Pentagon. Our commitments had increased since then. To cut down to 1.5 million men would be to abandon, for lack of garrison strength and logistical support, at least some of our key bases in the Far East and Europe, including some of our medium-bomber bases. Until the Soviet Union zeroes in on these bases with a large number of I.R.B.M.s (intermediate range ballistic missiles), the bases will be an essential part of our deterrent strength. And we must keep manpower in a position to stamp out brush-fire wars, the Pentagon said.

There were other arguments—the Soviet Union's internal lines of communication, its advantage in speed of remobilization, the fact that the G.I. requires more logistical support than a Russian soldier because he is used to a higher standard of living—but the basic reason was that a

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1.5-million force level would mean dismantling a large part of our base system around the periphery of the Soviet empire. This was what the Kremlin was proposing in reviving our 1952 proposal.

Selling Concessions Twice?

So we reneged on the 1952 plan. It has been very hard to carry our Allies with us on this, and it has given us a well-nigh insoluble public-relations problem. How do you convince world opinion that you are the one who wants to disarm when the other side is offering to come down to a figure you yourself once proposed? You can always fall back on the charge that the other side won't agree to inspection and control; but this argument is by no means so persuasive as it was in other years, because the Russians now have come a long way toward accepting our ideas on inspection. In London for the first time they said ground inspectors could be on the spot, in position to act, before disarmament began; and they were willing, also for the first time, to give the inspectors considerable clearly defined power. Stassen has publicly termed the March, 1956, Soviet position "excellent," so far as ground inspection and conventional armaments are concerned. What the Kremlin has not accepted is aerial inspection—and this is to some extent beside the point, since the "open-skies" plan is primarily an early-warning device and only secondarily a means of verifying arms reduction.

Today, a year after the first move was made, we are still paying a high price for this decision to back out of the 1952 force-level figures. The Russians never lose an opportunity to cry "foul!"; it has become virtually a leitmotif of their propaganda. In private, too, at London, Gromyko kept throwing at Stassen the claim that he had met the American position on atomic weapons and we had changed that position; that he had met our position on force levels and we had vacated that, too.

The Russians obviously think we are trying to sell our concessions twice. Having come up to our counter and made their bid on a piece of goods we offered in 1952, they are now told that the goods cannot be delivered, except in part (a cut from 2.9 to 2.5 million). And we say we want an additional price even for that. This is, of course, an oversimplification; they have not paid the full price we asked in 1952. But it is close enough to the truth so that our Allies have been very unhappy with the policy, and France very nearly refused to go along with it.

The Embittered Moch

The Allies ask: Why not put the figure 1.5 million back into the disarmament negotiations, as the final goal to be reached after settlement of the political problems which make large armed forces necessary? It took all Stassen's persuasive power to keep Moch from doing just that at London. He finally desisted; but when, as a result, the Russians scornfully rejected his carefully worked-out "synthesis" of Russian and western disarmament plans, he was a bitterly disappointed man, complaining—

with justice—that five years of his life were being abruptly brushed aside.

On top of this, the Russians "threw the helve after the hatchet," as he put it, abandoning not only atomic prohibition but all other atomic-weapon curbs as well. At one point Moch bitterly asked "Why?" when it was proposed that the subcommittee meet.

The American argument against the figure 1.5 million, even as an ultimate goal, is that figures have a magic quality; once a specific number were to appear, it would be seized upon and dramatized, and the preconditions to its realization would be forgotten. There were preconditions in 1952 that have been largely forgotten. It would be difficult, it is argued, and probably unwise to remedy this defect by spelling out in detail in a disarmament treaty the precise form we would insist the political settlements take. Moreover, once the figure of 1.5 million was set as a goal, public and Congressional willingness to make sacrifices for armed forces would be undermined, and we might begin to disarm without getting the prerequisite political settlements. Similar trends might be set in motion even more quickly in Britain, France, and Germany.

Terms of Deadlock

What the western world is asking, in negotiations with the U.S.S.R. is withdrawal of Soviet power to the prewar frontiers of the Soviet Union in Europe; withdrawal of Chinese Communist power and influence from Korea, the Formosa Strait, and Indo-China; and protection against surprise atomic attack by means of an early-warning system that would neutralize the advantage the Soviet Union and Red China now possess in the realm of military intelligence. We are asking, in short, an overwhelming shift in the strategic balance in our favor.

The Communists' asking price, too, is completely out of sight. They are asking us to dismantle our base system (by accepting the 1.5-million force level) and accept the Communization of Germany, Korea, Formosa, et al., without offering us in return anything that would really increase our security, let alone guarantee it.

Perhaps this deadlock could be allowed to continue indefinitely if it were not for the desperate risk that the armament race entails—the fact that in a very few years, the age of push-button warfare will be upon us with no visible solution of any kind even technically conceivable.

Since the deadlock cannot be allowed to continue, the high asking prices on both sides will have to come down. Lately, our position on disarmament and that of the Russians, though still far apart, have become closer than they ever have been. Whether the diplomats of both sides realize it or not, reduction of armaments and settlement of major diplomatic conflicts have become entirely interdependent.

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The Folklore Of an Electronic Presidency

DOUGLASS CATER

THE Eisenhower Administration, though to all appearances abundantly publicized and publicity-loving, has successfully shrouded its decision making from the eyes of even the most acute onlookers. Honest reporters have freely admitted this. "Except in rare instances, no outsider knows who in the White House or in the government at large is responsible for a given decision, however diligent his inquiry, and the prospect now is that those instances will become even more rare," commented Frederick W. Collins of the Providence *Journal* not long before the latest illness. James Reston of the New York *Times,* after discussing two contrary views on the impact of the President's illnesses, concluded: "No reporter can say with assurance where the truth lies between these two points of view, especially since the Administration is not in a mood to cooperate with anybody trying to get at the facts."

Absence of facts has not deterred the torrential outpouring of literature about the President and the Eisenhower Presidency purporting, with a false intimacy, to give the reader the inside story. The subject matter ranges from the trivial to the momentous.

Consider, for example, some of the published mythology on the President's reading habits. When Mr. Eisenhower first entered the White House there was a spate of stories reporting quite candidly that he was not much of a reader, particularly of newspapers. He liked things presented to him in brief memo form, one page or less. Press Secretary James C. Hagerty was even providing him with a daily digest of the news, it was noted.

Shortly afterward, I attended a background press session—a fertile field for myth planting—at which a White House assistant commented that the President had taken to reading, of all things, *The Federalist* during odd moments in the executive office. A year later, there was a story of the President's working day in a Sunday magazine supplement. Sure enough, he was still reading *The Federalist,* only this time it had been placed at his bedside. In April, 1956, *Newsweek* carried a feature article on "What the President Reads." "While at his desk the President sticks to fairly heavy reading," it reported. "Within the past year members of his staff have found him reading from the Lincoln collection, 'The Papers of Thomas Jefferson,' and 'The Federalist.' "

Along the way, Mr. Eisenhower has been transformed into an encyclopedic reader. Now he plows through six newspapers every morning and two in the afternoon, the daily intelligence summaries from State, Defense, and Central Intelligence, the *Congressional Record* ("to find out what Congress is thinking"), and the *Federal Register.*

The Phalanx and the Glory

Part of the problem for the diligent reporter in trying to probe behind the scenes is that this Administration so far has produced no runaway "tell-allers."

Except for the disillusioned glimpse into the White House provided by Martin Merson, former special consultant to the Director of the International Information Administration, the main sources open to reportorial inquiry have had a common motive: to glorify both Eisenhower's role as President and the Eisenhower innovations in the Presidency. Among the usual critics of Washington affairs there has been a singular absence of questioning appraisal of the resulting mythology.

Three Presidential institutions have received the bulk of the glamour treatment: the command staff system under Sherman Adams, the "new" National Security Council, and the Eisenhower Cabinet with its secretariat. They deserve independent scrutiny.

We Must Not Bother Him

Certainly, the relationship between Mr. Eisenhower and chief of staff Adams will absorb students of government for a long time to come. No less intriguing than the selfless dedication of the former New Hampshire governor is the seeming total harmony in aim and interest between two men of totally different backgrounds who never met each other before the 1952 campaign.

Adams has known no compunction in turning away Members of Congress like former Senator John Sherman Cooper (R., Kentucky), who, during the Dixon-Yates fight in Congress, was trying valiantly to warn Mr. Eisenhower of the mounting criticism. Nor has Adams hesitated, since the heart attack, to dissuade even Cabinet Members from seeking private audiences.

Adams & Co. have undoubtedly contributed efficiency to White House operations but at the price of making the President pretty inaccessible. When the Democratic Congressional leaders were invited to the White House for the President's appeal for foreign aid, Speaker Rayburn pointedly remarked that this was the first time he had been "consulted" rather than "briefed" during Eisenhower's three and a half years in office. Indeed, one of the constant impressions pervading Washington is that Adams is consistently negative toward anyone who might disturb the "orderly routine." According to Robert J. Donovan's just published book *Eisenhower: The Inside Story,* Adams once told two disputing department heads: "Either make up your minds, or else tell me and I will do it. We must not bother the President with this. He is trying to keep the world from war."

Decisions in Storage

Of all the institutions linked with the Eisenhower Presidency, the National Security Council has been most glamourized in print. A recent *U.S. News & World Report* story waxed almost lyrical in its enthusiasm for this awesome body. One was led to believe that it had practically removed the human factor from decisions affecting national security

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–that, indeed, we were moving toward an electronic Presidency. "Plans for emergency action are only part of the Council's vast, new policy-making role in the U.S. Government," the article concluded. "But that function could be crucial to the U.S. if war should come now to the Middle East. Then security officers in the Pentagon and the State Department would open up vaults, take out documents that already have been drawn up by the Council and approved by the President. It is these documents which would tell, in that case, whether U.S. forces would be ordered into battle again."

In its inception under Truman and development under Eisenhower, the NSC undoubtedly has provided valuable assistance to the President in examining the multiple factors that must be taken into account in shaping national strategy. But as Robert Cutler, formerly Special Assistant to President Eisenhower for National Security Affairs, has written, its role is advisory only. "It recommends; it does not decide." It cannot in any way remove from the President the anxiety of reaching a lonely decision each time a crisis arises in some distant part of the world. It is preposterous to claim, as Dillon Anderson, Cutler's successor, has claimed, referring to the President's first illness, "The continued functioning of Government in such periods under a body of established policy exemplifies, in a real sense, the principle which John Adams wrote into the Massachusetts Constitution in 1780—that ours is a *Government of laws and not of men.*" There is real danger that such mythology can lull people into supposing that laws can act by themselves.

DESPITE its prestige, the NSC is not without critics among those who have observed it at close range. It provides, they agree, a useful service in defining the limits of a problem and in furnishing the various departments guide lines on which to base their planning. But even under Eisenhower, according to one thoughtful critic, it has tended to remain "a group of ambassadors from sovereign departments attempting an alliance against a common enemy." Much time is expended in reaching a mutual and frequently watered-down definition of a problem. Like all large councils—thirteen regularly participate and at least eight others frequently attend—it lacks a sense of intimacy. One career servant with access to NSC minutes has remarked: "I hope that Secretary Dulles is more candid in his personal conversations with the President than he is in NSC meetings."

There is a belief, too, that personnel changes have weakened recent NSC operations. Cutler, a Boston banker, and General Walter Bedell Smith, who as Under Secretary of State served as chairman of its Operations Coordinating Board, were ideally qualified for their jobs. They were exacting, high-powered public servants who worked tirelessly to prevent slippages in dealing with seemingly insoluble problems. But they have been succeeded respectively by Dillon Anderson, a Texas lawyer, and Herbert Hoover, Jr., an engineer, both deeply conservative men who lack the force or the conviction of their predecessors.

Conversations in Cabinet

Finally, one of the major devices in the electronic Presidency is the Cabinet. By all accounts, Eisenhower is inordinately proud of what he has made of this body. From his sickbed in Denver last fall he sent word to its members that surely in the whole of American history there had never been another like it. He has formalized its proceedings by establishing a Cabinet Secretariat, an agenda, and minutes. A great deal of White House mythmaking has been devoted to the creative exchange of ideas provoked at the Cabinet sessions. "You should hear Dulles telling Summerfield about Post Office problems," an Eisenhower aide once remarked. It would be interesting to know what Postmaster General Summerfield has told Dulles about foreign policy.

Donovan, who was given access to the minutes of Cabinet meetings while preparing his book, has copied down excerpts from them. To this reader, at least, they serve to dispel the notion that the Cabinet has become a superbly working instrument for grinding out policy. They seem like a random discussion in a Pullman car. From time to time there is evidence to confirm the suspicion that there is a great deal of meddling in one another's business. Take, for example, this discussion when the overseas libraries, then under attack by McCarthy, came up: "Wilson suggested that possibly the government should get out of the business of maintaining libraries abroad, but Dulles and Stassen promptly took the opposite view. . . . Humphrey and Mrs. Hobby proposed limiting the function of overseas libraries to the presentation of Americana. The Vice-President told the Cabinet that Congress would never vote funds for general-purpose libraries overseas. . . ." (This last gratuitous bit of advice has proved entirely wrong.)

Man of Particles

But the most difficult area for the reporter to inquire into and therefore the most productive one for mythmaking is the place of the President himself in the scheme of things. How shall we measure the ergs the President devotes to the really important tasks?

As he has gone along, Eisenhower has unquestionably gained confidence in his knowledge of the myriad matters with which a President must be concerned. His press conferences have been a sure index of that.

But is there certain proof of the President's role? Eisenhower, in his second-term announcement, made mention of the fact that the President never escapes from his office. This is so, but does not prove that the office is above danger of being weakened by the diminished vigor of the officeholder.

There has been the problem for the mythmakers that Eisenhower spent forty per cent of his first three years in office outside Washington. Can anybody say that where the President goes there goes the Presidency? The ceaseless literature would have us think so. Along with the effort-saving electronic Presidency we have had the superefficient President. It has been, we were told, a matter of better-organized work and play habits. "At his Lowry Base office, the President put in a fast two hours and a half. Murray Snyder, Mrs. Ann C. Whitman, his personal secretary, and Wayne Hawks, White House chief of records, hit him with

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one problem after another, working on the chief executive in relays," ran an account of the Denver period in *Look*.

Nor has the reduced schedule after the heart attack been allowed to disturb the image. "Don't give me mush," Eisenhower was quoted as telling his associates in Donovan's book. "I want the hard ones." "It is this new pattern of work and relaxation," *U.S. News & World Report* commented after he had been back in the White House four weeks, "that is enabling Mr. Eisenhower to carry a full load only four and a half months after his heart attack." And James Bishop, who came down to Washington to report "A Day with Dwight D. Eisenhower" in *Cosmopolitan*, concluded, "If any great change can be noted, it is that he does a more efficient day's work now than before the attack."

Recently, wide publicity was given to a week's schedule released by the White House which showed the President's calendar studded with engagements. Even the entrances and exits of Adams, Andrew J. Goodpaster, and other assistants were duly recorded, enhancing the impression of ceaseless activity. Of fifty-four interviews with the staff and Cabinet associates, thirty-six were for ten minutes or less. Earlier the President had found time for only twenty minutes with Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen during his recent return to Washington to report on critical developments in the Soviet Union.

In Camera, On Camera

Obviously, Donovan's book was meant to provide a definitive answer to questions about the Eisenhower Presidency. The initiative for the book came from Adams, and Donovan wrote it at a desk in the White House East Wing. The dust jacket guardedly refers to "new and unpublished information obtained through access to cabinet officers, key men and other sources." In the preface Donovan states, "No quotations, direct or indirect, originating in private meetings and conferences have been 'manufactured' by the author."

To Donovan's credit, it is not a puff job. One even has a feeling that the author has a distaste for some of the rhetoric he has been obliged to copy down.

But this so-called "Inside Story" doesn't really seem to get inside. It is as if we were admitted to the inner sanctum only to find that it has been set up for television. Most of the meetings are like the Cabinet meeting that actually was televised. The dialogue seems so stilted, so aphoristic, so indecisive. These people talk in private—it is hard to believe—just as they talk in public.

Platitudes in Private

Surely the White House can get no glory from Donovan's account of the President's role at the time Attorney General Brownell accused Truman in a luncheon-club speech of having knowingly promoted Harry Dexter White, "a Russian spy." At a Cabinet meeting the day after he had weaved and ducked before reporters' questions, Eisenhower assured his colleagues that he had conferred with Brownell before disclaiming responsibility at the press conference. "He reiterated that except in unusual cases, he would back up the acts of Cabinet officers with all the strength at his command." Then there is the wist-

ful afterthought: "The President observed that at the press conference the real point of Brownell's speech had been missed . . . The real point, he said, was whether White was the kind of man who should have been nominated for high office."

On this and other occasions when the Republican schemes for making hay on the Communist issue came up, Eisenhower had a penchant for platitudes that gave little guidance. At the Cabinet meeting of September 25, 1953, Summerfield and Brownell, two Cabinet politicians, first raised the matter of publicizing the number of dismissals under the security-risk program—a cynical exploit that later came to be known as the "numbers racket." According to Donovan's account, "The President said he felt that the program should be conducted as openly as possible and not as a 'Star Chamber' proceeding." In the absence of more precise instructions from the President, Brownell and the rest were left free to do as they liked.

THE BOOK amply documents what one knows about Eisenhower's tremendous decency, his remarkable freedom from anything ugly or vicious, and his devoted passion for peace.

Throughout the procession of Cabinet meetings, conferences with Congressional leaders, and the rest, one observes what a few have long suspected—that the President is an instinctive politician but one who has disciplined himself to engage in politics in a most conventional way. Always he is chary about putting his tremendous prestige to the test. Donovan reveals how he frets and fumes privately over the obstructionism of the party's right wing. He takes consolation in the ultimate downfall of McCarthy without recognizing that McCarthy was disciplined not for flagrant abuses of the Executive (the Zwicker count was thrown out) but for offenses committed against fellow Senators.

Donovan describes briefly one of the better-kept secrets of the time—that in late 1953 Eisenhower toyed with the idea of starting a third party. (During these ruminations he coined the phrase "conservative dynamism," which, at Gabriel Hauge's suggestion, he turned around to "dynamic conservatism.") But the President thought better of it.

A Stable Apprehension

"Seldom in the post-war period has there been such a contrast between public apathy about the world situation and the apprehension of well-informed individuals," James Reston wrote recently. Yet in Washington today the reporter searches in vain for signs of ferment in the policy-making areas of government which might be a reflection of this apprehension. There has been no dearth around the White House of trouble shooters and their staffs; Eisenhower has expanded his immediate bureaucracy well beyond that of Roose-

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velt and Truman. But the two Jacksons, C. D. and William, Nelson Rockefeller, Harold Stassen, Joseph M. Dodge, and the rest have made little noticeable impact pitted against the vast institutional power of Messrs. Dulles, Wilson, and Humphrey. The trouble shooters keep coming and going, but the others stay. (The Secretary of the Treasury, often touted as the "great stabilizer" of the Administration, recently shocked a prominent Republican editor by telling him that it would teach the neutral nations a good lesson if we allowed them to go Communist—a position not very different from that taken by George Kennan. Humphrey announced to the National Press Club a few weeks ago that there was real hope for further reduction in military spending, since, as in any business, you could always cut costs as you went along.

On the lower levels there is an atmosphere of quiescence (except, of course, for the interservice rivalry in the Pentagon, which was hastily suppressed). One observer has commented that strange alliances have grown up—State-Treasury, Defense-Budget Bureau, etc.—among those who wish to say "No" for different reasons. It is always possible to get a majority to favor a policy of let well enough alone.

Such a situation is by no means unique to this Administration. The problem of breaking through massive resistance to change among his own subordinates has confronted every President during periods of approaching crisis. The way Point Four, for example, had to be sneaked outside official channels is a telling argument why a President should not allow the lines of authority around him to become rigid. He can become a prisoner of his own associates.

Donovan's book recounts that at the time of Stalin's death, only six weeks after Eisenhower entered office, the President complained that there were no plans to tell the government how to react. He said this lack of planning showed the necessity for the work being done by C. D. Jackson and Cutler. Yet, when Beria fell a few months later, there was a Cabinet discussion about it in which "The Secretary of Treasury . . . mentioned the possibility of taking some forward step at this critical moment." Three years later, Khrushchev's reduction-of-armed-forces announcement, though amply foreshadowed, found Dulles and Stassen reacting publicly in diametrically opposite fashion. A reporter might ask, Where are the plans today?

Some kindly critics have concluded that the chronic divergences between Dulles and Stassen and Dulles and the President are part of a calculated method for keeping policy fluid. More probably the fault lies either with the apparatus of the Presidency or the acts of the President.

The Myth Backfires

The greatest danger of Presidential mythmaking is that it can backfire on the President. Two weeks before his heart attack, Mr. Eisenhower, in a talk to the forty-eight G.O.P. state chairmen gathered in Denver, lightly derided the notion of the indispensable candidate, remarking at one point, ". . . I am lucky if I can vote in two Presidential elections." Five and a half months later, he told the nation he was prepared to run again.

There is an interesting account in *Eisenhower: The Inside Story* about the turning point in his process of reaching this decision. On Friday, January 13, reports Donovan, thirteen men gathered in the President's upstairs study. On his right sat G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall, who a few days after the heart attack had declared nothing was changed; on his left sat Attorney General Brownell. One by one, each member of this group marshaled arguments why he should run again. Only Milton Eisenhower seemed to present two sides. ("His brother had already spent more than forty years in public service. Four more years in the Presidency would be a great burden. . . .") At the conclusion of the evening, Donovan notes, "In the President's mind, obviously, the arguments for outweighed the arguments against." Six days later he sent the letter permitting his name to remain in the New Hampshire primary, though he added, "My future life must be carefully regulated to avoid excessive fatigue."

A curious note has of late crept into Presidential mythology. Eisenhower sounded it in his announcement speech, in which he said some medical advisers believed "adverse effects on my health will be less in the Presidency than in any other position I might hold."

There has also been the suggestion that Presidential leadership in certain matters could be safely delegated to others. Eisenhower spoke of the "public clarification" of a number of important issues to which he had devoted much time and effort, but which in many cases could now be done equally well by close associates.

This apparent conviction that some issues have been permanently "clarified" stands in interesting contrast to a recent speech made by right-wing Republican Senator Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota at a South Carolina bankers' convention. Mundt, claiming that the Eisenhower Administration had provided a "breathing spell," declared candidly that ". . . Once Ike is no longer a candidate, America is going to face a showdown decision on basic principles the verdict of which is going to dominate the lives of all of us for the rest of our existence." Mundt professed satisfaction at Eisenhower's intention to run again "because I knew America wasn't ready from the standpoint of political engineering to make that verdict honestly . . ."

During his perusal of *The Federalist* the President has undoubtedly come across the seventieth essay, in which Alexander Hamilton argues that "energy" is the most necessary qualification of the Executive and that his power can be destroyed "by vesting it ostensibly in one man, subject, in whole or in part, to the control and cooperation of others, in the capacity of counsellors to him."

Hamilton brilliantly derides the old arguments that Presidential authority can be put in commission: "A council to a magistrate, who is himself responsible for what he does, are generally nothing better than a clog upon his good intentions, are often the instruments and accomplices of his bad, and are almost always a cloak to his faults."

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Letter from a Congressman To a Constituent

Last March 23, this letter was placed in the record of the Subcommittee for Special Investigations of the House Committee on Armed Services by Kenneth W. Simmons, a former partner of an Avinger, Texas, life-insurance company. The subcommittee was looking into the sale of commercial life insurance to prospective members of the military services. During the inquiry the subcommittee stated that it found "no violation of the selective service laws or regulations" on the part of Mr. Simmons.

Testimony at the inquiry brought out that Marshall L. Felker, Sr., father of one of the partners of the Avinger firm, last fall had sought the assistance of Representative Wright Patman (D., Texas) in getting a list of ROTC *commissioned officers which the firm itself had failed to secure from the Army. Patman was undertaking to get the list for Felker when he received a letter from Felker dated January 11, 1956, saying that he thought he ought to let Patman know that, despite the fact he had "done all in his power" to dissuade Kenneth Simmons from running against Patman in the coming Congressional primary, Simmons nevertheless was going to run. This and further correspondence apparently provoked the letter of February 2 from Patman to Felker that follows:*

DEAR MARSHALL:

This letter is going to be lengthy. It reviews a considerable period of time and is necessarily long. It will bring out some facts that you have probably forgotten.

You have often told me to call on you when I believed that you could be of help. In all the many races and expensive campaigns that I have had over the past twenty-five years, if you have ever contributed anything, I have no knowledge of it. Possibly you have; I would not want to do you an injustice. . . .

Your help could have really been used two years ago in my campaign, but from what people tell me whom I consider to be reliable, you actually contributed a substantial amount of money to my opponent. This year, you can be of real help to me, and if you meant what you have told me over the years when I was helping you, it is time for you to be of real assistance.

I was seriously urged not to consider you for the postmastership at Avinger by close friends of mine, who insisted that I would live to see the day that I would regret it if I did; that you were only after the place for "pie" purposes and that you would not remain loyal. Notwithstanding this, I gave you the postmastership over strong protest and in preference to others, whom I considered dependable and loyal. I also got the examination postponed after you were made acting postmaster so you would have plenty of time to get ready for it.

On July 11, 1933, just before your appointment, you wrote . . .:

"Wright, the last three years has hit me really hard and I certainly need the job, if you can see your way clear to appoint me P.M. at Avinger, I will certainly guarantee you that you will never have the least regrets for so doing."

When you were appointed, I asked you to consider one of the several disappointed applicants for assistant postmaster, particularly a deserving widow. You gave a number of reasons in your letters why neither one would be suitable and only your wife and members of your immediate family would be satisfactory. You, as postmaster, controlled the appointments within the office and you continued throughout your term of office to keep such positions filled with close relatives when possible.

Later, (1946), you wanted Bud made temporary rural carrier, and I had him appointed temporary carrier. Then (September, 1946), you wanted Bud to go to the University and Kenneth Simmons appointed temporary carrier. This I did. Then you wanted the examination postponed. This was also done. Then the next year (May, 1947), Bud came back from the University and you wanted him reappointed temporary carrier on the rural route in the place of Simmons. This was also done. Then the examination was held for rural carrier and you wanted Bud made rural carrier. This was also done. All the time, I was insisting that you were making a family office out of the Post Office by keeping your relatives on every payroll in the Post Office and as substitutes for the rural carriers. But under the circumstances, I stayed with you to make Bud a rural carrier. I received a nice letter from Bud as follows:

"I would like to take this opportunity to express my extreme appreciation of your appointing me as regular carrier.

"It is indeed an honor and I hope that I can fulfill the faith and trust you have placed in me."

As you know, the Post Office Inspectors were after you continually, since you were devoting so much of your time to your lucrative pulpwood business and letting your relatives run the Post Office.

WHEN your re-appointment on a four-year term came up, it was held up by the Postmaster General and refused on the charge that you were using postage stamps to pay for merchandise—specifically you were charged with sending 880 post-

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age stamps in payment of a suit of clothes. It was also disclosed that you had done the same thing four years before, or within a year after you took the office. This was looked upon as a major offense, since your postmaster's salary was based on stamp sales. In your letter to me, in which you were pleading ignorance of the regulations, you stated: "This business has had me almost worried to death." I did not believe that you had meant to steal anything from the Government, and finally persuaded the Post Office Department to overlook these offenses, which were considered serious, in view of your promise to never let it occur again.

To just remind you of how grateful you were to me for getting you excused on the stamp charge, you wrote me as follows on January 20, 1939:

"Wright I want to thank you for all that you have done for me in this matter, and in the past, and will assure you that anytime I can return the favor I will be only to glad to do so.

"Please call upon me anytime that I can be of any service to you in your district. . ."

Before that, on February 12, 1935, in your letter to me, you stated:

"I should receive my commission in a short time now, for which I shall always feel gratefull to you for having been so good to me in the P.O. matter, and any time I can be of any service to you please call on me."

June 18, 1934, you stated in your letter to me:

"I want to express my thanks in my best way for having given me the permanent appointment as Postmaster here at Avinger.

* * * * *

"Wright any time I can be of service to you do not fail to call on me, for I am at your service at all times. . ."

Then on September 4, 1933, in a letter to me, you stated:

"I want to express my thanks in my best way for having placed me here.

* * * * *

"With the wish I may have the chance to partly reciprocate for what you have done for me. . ."

These are just a few. I could quote a number of others, but they are sufficient to let you know that I should feel privileged to call on you when I need your help.

One constituent recently discouraged me from ever expecting any help from you when he wrote: "Marshall Felker has gotten filthy rich and he feels like he should run everything and everybody."

One of the first problems coming up after you became postmaster concerned permission to be in the lumber business. The Post Office Department finally agreed that you could devote some of your time off duty to your lumber business so long as it did not interfere with your postmaster duties. It was explained at the time that a lumber yard in a small town should not take up much of your time and attention. However, as time went on, the Inspectors of the Department generally criticized you for a lack of interest in the postal service. There were many reports of errors, irregularities, falsification of books and payrolls. In fact, when you were privileged to resign at the end of 1953, which would qualify you for the $128.00 a month lifetime pension which you are now receiving, one official in the Post Office Department said—referring to you—"He should have never been allowed to resign; he should have been fired instead."

You, Bud and Kenneth have freely called on me many times. For instance, you wanted to select some workers in the 1950 census. You recommended Kenneth Simmons for one of the most important places in Cass County—Crew Leader. You represented to me and you also went to Mount Pleasant and represented to Ben Patrick, the Supervisor, that Kenneth was a dependable person and a true, loyal friend of mine and you would personally vouch for him.

At that time, you knew we were trying to get only dependable friends for these jobs, because I had the responsibility for the entire census in our District and I wanted only dependable friends selected to do the work so as to get an outstanding job. You also secured the appointment of Bud's wife and Kenneth's wife under the same representations for the places in the census. Two years ago, Kenneth used this experience that I made possible for him by getting a number of these census workers to support him, on the theory that he secured for them their jobs; and since he held such an important place, they were easily misled.

Soon after Kenneth came to the District, he had problems with a veterans' G.I. school that he became connected with at Jefferson when Bud returned and took the rural route. I was called upon to help on these problems.

The school at Jefferson was very unsatisfactory in a lot of ways, which caused the Government considerable trouble and expense, and finally had to be closed up entirely. Of course, I could not defend wrongful conduct, but I did make it possible for Kenneth to have an opportunity to present his side to the right officials, although it did not seem to help any.

Specifically, an official statement of the State Board for Vocational Education, Austin, Texas, May 13, 1948, was as follows: "Because of low standards, the State Approval Agency has stopped their complete program. Nowhere in our experience with Jefferson College do we find an intention on their part to run a school which meets accepted and approved standards for this State."

Then you, Bud and Kenneth wanted to develop a housing construction company, known as "Lone Star Homes, Incorporated," there in Avinger and organized a group headed by yourselves to build houses for Lone Star Steel workers and wanted a loan of $250,000.00 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Although I made it possible for you to get consideration, you could not convince the authorities that the loan was justified.

You, Bud and Kenneth then wanted to get a contract with Lone

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Star Steel for your Little River Mining Company. I interceded for you, and Mr. E. B. Germany, President of the Company, gave you a good contract to deliver ore to the plant from land you three had blocked up. Since you did not perform your part of the contract, it resulted in an expensive, unsatisfactory deal for Lone Star Steel. The Bowie-Cass Electric Cooperative, Inc., also lost $738.38 as a result of misrepresentations.

During the time the contract was in force, you, Bud and Kenneth wanted a $78,000.00 loan from the Small Defense Plants Administration and the RFC. Although I made it possible for you to receive consideration at Dallas, also in Washington, after much correspondence, telephone calls, personal visits—particularly with Bud and Kenneth—here in Washington, the authorities were unconvinced and did not make the loan.

It is true the project you, Bud and Kenneth sponsored for a public housing project at Avinger, which I supported for you, was approved for $244,030.00 and 32 units were constructed with Federal money. This project has been in operation and has also been a source of monthly revenue for the Simmons family to manage it.

I RESENT the misrepresentations and untrue statements in your letter of January 21, 1956. They are too numerous to discuss in this letter.

Why did you come to my office in Texarkana the latter part of 1955? First, you wanted to give me the news and assure me that Kenneth Simmons would not run against me this year; that he was making $100,000 a year in the insurance business and that he could not live on a Congressman's salary. Next, you wanted to assure me that contrary to reliable reports, you did not help Simmons two years ago; that you have been too good a friend of mine to think of helping Simmons against me in the race; and that you would be of real help to me this year in the race, regardless of who ran against me as evidence of your friendship. Then, you suggested that there was a list of Reserve Officer Training Corps graduates at Fort Sam Houston that was available without restrictions that you would like to get for Bud and Kenneth.

I knew that I would not have any trouble getting the list you described, and under the circumstances, the favor asked was very small in comparison to favors asked by you, Bud and Kenneth in the past.

As the unrestricted list was being prepared—there were delays that I told you about either in writing or over the telephone—you added to your request as to what the list should contain. That is, you also

wanted the exact date each of these young officers would be inducted into the service. Then you came up with another addition. You wanted the list of all the ROTC graduates in the five States this January, including date of induction, and that you wanted me to know that such a list would be expected every six months as there were ROTC graduates every six months.

The additional requests seemed very unfair and unreasonable to me. It would give an insurance agent an official communication from the armed services with which to impress each young officer prospect that he was familiar with his induction status, which no one else locally would know, and that he possibly had official recognition from the United States government in his efforts to sell insurance.

I have heard for some time that Kenneth and Bud were getting names of the inductees from local Selective Service Boards and persuading them to take life insurance before they entered service. The reports I received, if true, would indicate that the particular list you were trying to get me to obtain would be used in a similar, scandalous fashion and would probably be listed as another Texas insurance scandal.

ABOUT THE TIME I had confirmed my suspicions of the great injustice this would be to the fine young men, who were about to enter military service, your ultimatum of January 11, 1956, arrived. This letter was obviously written to threaten me that unless I delivered the list to you, as requested, at once, Simmons would run. It was evident that he would not announce if I gave you the list. In other words, you were clearly advising me that I would have to decide at once whether I would violate a public trust and save myself an expensive campaign or fail to carry out your demands and be forced into a hard, expensive political campaign. There was never any doubt in my own mind as to what I would do, regardless of these threats and your ability with your money to cause me a lot of trouble.

I have helped and tried to help you, Bud and Kenneth more than any three people I can think of in our Congressional District during the past nine years, since Kenneth came to our District. I am not expecting anything for it. Kenneth has a perfect right to run against me; any person has a right to run against me; the District has the right to select—and should select—the best man for the place. I am not complaining; I am just letting you know that you are forcing me to believe what I have been told about you all along. I know that you put up a lot of money two years ago, and I know that you expect to put up for him this year. This you have a right to do. Fortunately, I have many genuine friends, who will work harder and overcome your support of my opposition.

The last campaign was pretty hard on me, as campaigns are expensive and I am still in debt for the last campaign and will be in debt deeper after this campaign. Things like that happen in politics, but it is a little unusual for one like yourself to cause me the trouble and expense on the very money obtained by reason of privileges given to you by me, but I still insist that I am not complaining; you have a right to do this; you have your own conscience to live with.

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As you doubtless know, I am probably the only Member of Congress and one of few lawyers in the United States, who ever declined the appointment as a Federal Judge, because I wanted to stay by and continue to serve the people, who have made it possible for me to be in office long enough to be of real help to them. Therefore, I would not be proud of myself to run out at a time of my greatest usefulness and accept a place as Federal Judge, which would have given me a higher salary, higher retirement benefits, opportunity to live at home in East Texas, no campaigns, but a lifetime job. Seniority in Congress is one of the most valuable assets of the people of a Congressional District.

Do not get the idea that I mind a campaign with an opponent. One of the finest things about our democratic form of government is that an entire House of Representatives must be elected every two years; I have always opposed changing the term to four years.

I ENJOY a campaign; it gives me a fine opportunity to let the people, to whom I am so greatly indebted, know of my efforts to serve them, what has been accomplished and my program for the future in the event the people give me the honor of further serving our District. If my record of service has any flaws in it, the people should be told about it. Human beings make mistakes. Doubtless I have made my share, but as a whole, I am very proud of my record in Congress for all the people. The office belongs to the people. I am confident they will select the candidate they believe will make them the best representative. I am glad of the privilege to submit my record and candidacy to them.

I assume that you will refuse to be of any help to me this year, although you have repeatedly told me in the past that you would help when called upon. I must assume that you have already turned on me and expect to harm me every way possible this year. If that is true, I want you to know that I welcome a good fight, and you may be assured that you will get it.

Sincerely yours,
WRIGHT PATMAN

The Stalinists' Case Against Stalin

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

NO ONE who has seen and heard Nikita Khrushchev speaking on a platform or arguing with people will doubt the authenticity of the text, published by the State Department, of his secret speech at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. The text probably has its gaps, and here and there the transcript may not be quite accurate. Nevertheless this is the real thing—genuine Khrushchev saying indirectly about himself almost as much as about Stalin.

Yet Khrushchev also gives the impression of an actor who, while he plays his own part with superb self-assurance, is only half aware of his own place in the great, complex, somber drama in which he has been involved. His long monologue is a cry from the heart, a cry about the tragedy of the Russian Revolution and of the Bolshevik Party, but it is only a fragment of the tragedy.

Impromptu Indictment

Khrushchev himself did not expect to burst out with this cry. Only a few days before he made the secret speech, he did not know that he was going to make it, or at any rate he did not know what he was going to say. Even the composition of his speech showed that he spoke more or less impromptu: He dashed from topic to topic almost indiscriminately; he ventured spontaneously into sidelines; and he threw out reminiscences and confidences and asides as they occurred to him. By its irregularity this speech, delivered at the closing session of the Congress, on February 24 and 25, contrasted curiously with his formal address at the inaugural session ten days earlier. The two speeches contrast strikingly in content as well.

In his inaugural address Khrushchev said, for instance:

"The unity of our party has formed itself in the course of years and tens of years. It has grown and become tempered in the struggle against many enemies. The Trotskyites, Bukharinites, bourgeois nationalists, and other most wicked *enemies of the people* [italics ours], champions of a capitalist restoration, made desperate efforts to disrupt from the inside the Leninist unity of our party, and they all have smashed their heads against our unity."

The words might have come straight from Stalin's mouth. But ten days later Khrushchev said:

"It is Stalin who originated the concept 'enemy of the people.' This term automatically rendered it unnecessary that the ideological errors of a man, or men, engaged in a controversy be proven; this term made possible the usage of the most cruel repression . . . against anyone who in any way disagreed with Stalin. . ."

Khrushchev then went on to say that the Trotskyites, Bukharinites, and so-called bourgeois nationalists, whatever their faults, were not enemies of the people; that there was no need to annihilate them; and that they "smashed their heads" not against the party's "Leninist unity" but against Stalin's despotism.

CLEARLY, some dramatic but as yet undisclosed event must have occurred during those ten days to change Khrushchev's tune so radically, an event which showed Khrushchev that it would not do to sit on the fence and that in the conflict between Stalinism and anti-Stalinism he had to come down on one side or the other. Did perhaps the small band of Old Bolsheviks, wrecks from Stalin's concentration camps who had been brought to the conference hall as guests of honor, stage some demonstration of protest that shook the assembly's conscience? Or were the young delegates, who were brought up in the Stalin cult, so restive after Khrushchev's first ambiguous hints about Stalin (and

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even more so after Mikoyan's more outspoken remarks) that they forced him to come out into the open?

Whatever happened, Khrushchev had to produce an answer on the spot, and the answer was an indictment of Stalin. To justify his new attitude, he ordered, no doubt with the Presidium's approval, that Lenin's testament—that long-suppressed testament in which Lenin urged the party to remove Stalin from the post of General Secretary—be distributed among the delegates.

To the student of Soviet affairs, Khrushchev's disclosures bring little that is really new. A biographer of Stalin finds in them at the most a few more illustrations of familiar points. Khrushchev confirms in every detail Trotsky's account of the relations between Lenin and Stalin toward the end of Lenin's life. Stalin's old critics are also proved right in what they said about his method of collectivization, about the purges, and about the Trotskyite and Bukharinite "fifth columns." Nor is there anything surprising to the historian in Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin's role in the last war and about his miscalculations.

However, it is not from the historian's viewpoint that Khrushchev's performance should be judged. He spoke not to scholars but to men and women of a new Communist generation; to them his words came as a titanic shock, and as the beginning of a profound mental and moral upheaval.

Consider only how Khrushchev's character sketch of Stalin, drawn haphazardly yet extremely vividly, must affect Communists brought up in the Stalin cult. There they see him now, the "Father of the Peoples," immured as he was in the Kremlin, refusing over the last twenty-five years of his life to have a look at a Soviet village; refusing to step down into a factory and face workers; refusing even to cast a glance at the army of which he was generalissimo, let alone visit the front; spending his life in a half-real, half-fictitious world of statistics and mendacious propaganda films; planning unlevyable taxes; tracing front lines and lines of offensives on a globe on his desk; seeing enemies creeping at him from every nook and cranny; treating the members of his own Politburo as his contemptible lackeys; denying Voroshilov admission to sessions, slamming the door in Andreyev's face, or upbraiding Molotov and Mikoyan; "choking" his interlocutors "morally and physically"; pulling the wires behind the great purge trials; personally checking and signing 383 black lists with the names of thousands of doomed party members; ordering judges and NKVD men to torture the victims of the purges and to extract confessions; "planning" the deportations of whole peoples and raging impotently at the size of the Ukrainian people, too numerous to be deported; growing sick with envy at Zhukov's military fame; "shaking his little finger" at Tito and waiting for Tito's imminent fall; surrounded by dense clouds of incense and, like an opium eater, craving for more; inserting in his own hand passages of praise to his own "genius"—and to his own modesty!—into his official adulatory biography and into history books; himself designing huge, monstrously ugly, elephantine monuments to himself; and himself writing his own name into the new national anthem which was to replace the *Internationale*. Thus did Khrushchev expose before his party the huge, grim, whimsical, morbid monster before whom the Communist world lay prostrate for a quarter of a century.

And yet Khrushchev added: "Stalin was convinced that all this was necessary for the defense of the interests of the working classes against the plotting of the enemies and against the attack of the imperialist camp." When he surmised that even those who stood closest to him did not share his phobias and suspicions, Stalin wrung his hands in despair: "What will you do without me?" he growled. "You are all blind . . . !" "He saw this," Khrushchev assured the Congress again, "from the position of the interest of the working class . . . of socialism and Communism. We cannot say that these were the deeds of a giddy despot. . . . In this lies the whole tragedy!"

Inverted Hero Cult

The mainspring of the tragedy still remained hidden from Khrushchev. His whole speech was full of the denunciation of the hero cult; yet it was nothing but inverted hero cult. Its only theme was the power, the superhuman power, of the usurper who "placed himself above the party and above the masses." In passage after passage Khrushchev argued that all the evil from which the Communist Party, the Soviet people, and the international labor movement suffered for so long sprang from this one "individual." Then he said in quite as many passages that it was utterly wrong to imagine that one man could exercise so much influence on history, for the real makers of Soviet history have been the masses, the people, and the "militant Bolshevik Party" bred and inspired by Lenin.

Where then was that "militant party" when Stalin "placed himself above it?" Where was its militancy and its Leninist spirit? Why and how could the despot impose his will on the masses? And why did "our heroic people" submit so passively?

All these questions, which have so close a bearing on the Marxist *Weltanschauung*, Khrushchev left unanswered. Yet if one agrees that history is made not by demigods but by masses and social classes, one has still to explain the rise of this particular demigod; and one can explain it only from the condition of Soviet society, the interests of the Bolshevik Party, and the state of mind of its leadership. But no sooner have we descended with Khrushchev to this level of recent Soviet history than his lamp is blown out and we are once again enveloped by dark and impenetrable fumes.

Three Phases

The political evolution of the Soviet régime falls into three main phases. In the first the Bolsheviks under Lenin seized power and established the single-party system, in which they saw the only way to preserve their government and safeguard the October Revolution against domestic and foreign foes. But having suppressed all other ties, the Bolshevik Party itself split into several mutually hostile factions. The single-party system turned out to be a contradiction in terms: The party was breaking into at least three.

In the second phase the rule of the single party was replaced by the

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rule of a single Bolshevik faction—that led by Stalin. The principle of the "monolithic" party was proclaimed. Only a party that does not permit diverse currents of opinion in its midst, Stalin argued, can safeguard its monopoly of power. However, the victorious faction, once it gained power, was in turn torn by internal rivalries.

In the third phase, the rule of the single faction gave way to the rule of the single leader, who by the nature of the whole process had to be intolerant of any potential challenge to his authority—constantly on his guard, constantly bent on enforcing his will.

Even while the Bolshevik Party was suppressing all other parties, up to 1921 it was still internally free and democratically ruled. But having deprived others of freedom, it could hardly help losing its own freedom. Subsequently, the same thing happened to the Stalinist faction. Between 1923 and 1930 it destroyed "inner party democracy" for its opponents, but internally was still more or less democratically ruled.

From phase to phase the monopoly of power grew ever narrower. As it became so, it had to be defended ever more fiercely. The early Bolsheviks cherished controversy too much to be able to enforce the ban on disagreement outside the party with anything like the Stalinist violence. Even the Stalinist faction, before it succumbed to Stalin, only expelled its opponents and exiled them rather than executing them.

However, what gave the whole development its momentum and its convulsive and cruel character were the social tensions in a nation first ruined and famished after seven years of war, revolution, and civil war, then rushed through forcible industrialization and collectivization and drawn into devastating armament races. All this called for heavy sacrifice, rigid discipline, and massive coercion, and all provided Stalin with the justifications and pretexts for his use and abuse of the monopoly of power.

STALIN did not, thus, appear as a *diabolus ex machina*. Yet it was as a *diabolus ex machina* that Khrushchev presented him.

It is not difficult to grasp why Khrushchev views Stalin in this light. He and his colleagues represent the Stalinist faction, or rather what has remained of it. It is a different faction from the one of twenty years ago. It rules a different country—the world's second industrial power. It leads a different "socialist camp"—a camp that contains one-third of mankind. It is richer in experience, and is anxious to understand what has happened to it. It is probing restlessly into its own mysterious past. But this is still the Stalinist faction, caught in the tangle of its own experiences and its traditional but now untenable viewpoints.

The Tangle of Reasoning

Khrushchev has described how the members of the Presidium, the men who rule the Soviet Union and manage its vast nationalized economy (the world's greatest single industrial concern), spend their days and weeks poring over the archives of the NKVD, questioning the officials who once conducted purges and extracted confessions, and reliving in their thoughts the long nightmare of the past. Yet the understanding of which the members of this Presidium are capable—especially the older ones—has its historically formed limitations, which they cannot easily transcend. They cannot see where and why things had "gone wrong." They would like to cross out, if possible, the last chapter of their story—the one in which Stalin oppressed and "betrayed" his own followers. They would still like to think that what was done in the earlier chapters was justified and beneficial and need not have led to the final debacle and shame. They would like to remain Stalinists without and against Stalin, and to recapture the spirit of the "sane" and "innocent" Stalinism of the 1920's, of that Stalinism which had not yet soaked its hands in the blood of the Bolshevik Old Guard and in the blood of masses of peasants and workers. They do not realize that the latter-day "insane" Stalinism had sprung from the earlier "sane" Stalinism, and that it was not only Stalin's whimsical and cruel character that was responsible for it.

This approach governs all of Khrushchev's reasoning as revealed in the February 24-25 speech. It dictates the range and nature of his disclosures. Because Khrushchev pleaded the case of the old Stalinist faction "betrayed" by Stalin, his evidence against Stalin showed huge gaps and was all too often ambiguous, in spite of the bluntness of the language he used and the shocking character of his facts.

Significant Omissions

Khrushchev built his case against Stalin on three sets of facts: Lenin's denunciation, in his testament, of Stalin's "rudeness and disloyalty," Stalin's role in the purges, and the faults of Stalin's leadership in the war. Under each count of the indictment he treated the facts selectively so as to turn the evidence against Stalin himself rather than against the Stalinist faction.

He conjured up Lenin's ghost, because only with this ally at his side could he, after thirty years of Stalin worship, hope to obliterate Stalin. He quoted from Lenin's testament the passages aimed directly against Stalin, but he passed over in silence all that Lenin had said in favor of Trotsky and Bukharin. He assured his hearers that he now views "objectively and with detachment" the party feuds; but he still labeled Trotsky and Bukharin "enemies of Leninism," although they were no longer "enemies of the people." In the light of Lenin's full testament, Trotskyism and Bukharinism may be seen as offspring of the Leninist line at least as legitimate as even the early Stalinism. The testament has therefore not been published in Russia even now—it was distributed only to the delegates at the Twentieth Congress. And even in his secret speech Khrushchev was afraid of making too extensive use of it.

Even more eloquent were the gaps in Khrushchev's story of the purges. He began with dark hints about the assassination of Kirov in 1934, the event that set in motion the avalanche of terror. He alluded to Stalin's connivance at the crime but added that nothing was certain; and he left the mystery as deep as ever. Then he gave a more or less detailed and horrifying account of the secret purges of Eikhe, Postyshev, Kosior, Chubar, Mezhlauk, and Rudzutak, who perished between 1937 and

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1940, and of the purge of Voznesensky in 1951. But he had nothing explicit to say about the purge trials of 1936-1938, which shocked the world and in which the defendants were men of world fame, the recognized leaders of Bolshevism, the Red Army, Soviet diplomacy, and the Communist International.

He revealed nothing of the inner story of the purges of Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, Radek, Rakovsky, Pyatakov, and Tukhachevsky. He was silent on Trotsky's assassination, which was instigated by Stalin and Beria. Eikhe, Postyshev, and Chubar were by comparison insignificant figures. Their names meant little or nothing—not only to the outside world but even to the young Soviet generation. But they were men of the Stalinist faction; and through Khrushchev, the faction honored in them its martyrs.

Not for nothing did Khrushchev dwell so much on the fortunes of the delegates to the Seventeenth Party Congress held in 1934. (At that assembly the Stalinist faction celebrated its final triumph over all its adversaries, and in party annals the Congress is referred to as the "Victors' Congress.") Of nearly two thousand of the "victors," about sixty per cent were later, according to Khrushchev, "arrested on charges of counterrevolutionary crimes." In the years 1934-1938 alone, Stalin annihilated sixty or seventy per cent of the leaders of his own faction, and there were uncounted victims among the rank and file.

In recent years public opinion outside Russia has been aware of the fate of anti-Stalinist victims of the terror. It is only right that it should also be aware of the fate of Stalinist victims. But do not Khrushchev and his associates feel the indecency of their exclusive concentration on their own Stalinist martyrs?

One Man to Blame

Throughout Khrushchev's indictment of Stalin ran the *motif* of self-exculpation.

"Everything depended on the willfulness of one man," Khrushchev said repeatedly. But if so, "comrades may ask us: Where were the members of the Political Bureau . . . ? Why did they not assert themselves . . . ? Why is this being done only now?" Unwittingly he demonstrated that much more was in play than the "willfulness of one man." Stalin had so much scope only because Khrushchev and his like accepted his will.

Khrushchev recalled how at first they all trusted Stalin and zealously followed him in the struggle against other factions until they made him so powerful that they themselves became powerless. He showed that even when they might have been able to act against him they did not wish to act. He related that in 1941, when the Red Army reeled under Hitler's first onslaught, Stalin's nerve snapped. It might seem now that this was an opportunity for the party leaders to get rid of him.

Instead they sent a deputation to Stalin to beg him to seize the reins again; and so they condemned themselves and their country to another twelve years of terror and degradation. None of them had the confidence and courage of Trotsky, who as early as 1927 foresaw such a turn of events and said (in his famous "Clemenceau Thesis") that in such a crisis it would be the duty of party leaders to overthrow Stalin to wage war more efficiently.

The Politburo of 1941, fearing that a change of leadership in the middle of a war would destroy morale, rallied to its oppressor. It should be noted that this was not the first situation of this kind. In exactly the same way, the Politburo had hoisted a dejected and sulking Stalin back into the saddle nine years earlier at the height of collectivization. In every major emergency the Politburo felt the need of the "strong arm," and it turned to Stalin only to suffer under that strong arm for years. It so magnified his authority that it never felt it had enough authority to take his place. Because the history of the Soviet Union was one sequence of emergencies, the Stalinist faction was always at an impasse.

THE QUESTION inevitably arises whether during all those years no members of the ruling group made any attempt to destroy the incubus. It would have been unnatural if no plots at all had been hatched against Stalin. If Khrushchev and his colleagues really thought that "it all depended on the willfulness of one man" (which Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev never thought), might not some of them have concluded that the way out was to eliminate that "one man?" Khrushchev tells us that Postyshev, Rudzutak, and other leading Stalinists did indeed come into opposition to Stalin. But here too he leaves many things unsaid; and so the full story of the Stalinist opposition to Stalin remains to be disclosed.

The historian finds a further contradiction in Khrushchev's testimony, one that it has in common with Trotsky's appraisal of Stalin, although in Khrushchev the contradiction is, of course, far cruder. Khrushchev stressed the achievements as well as the failures of the Stalin era. For the achievments—industrial advance, educational progress, planned economy, victory in war—he praised the masses, the people, the party, Leninist doctrine, and even the Central Committee—the cowed and docile Central Committee of the Stalin era. For the failures he blamed Stalin alone.

If the qualities of one man were responsible for the Soviet military disasters of 1941, were they not also in some measure responsible for the victories of 1943-1945? If all major decisions on policy and strategy were taken by Stalin alone, then it is at least illogical to deny Stalin all credit for the results.

At times Khrushchev's argument savored of Tolstoy: In *War and Peace* Tolstoy argued that all ideas,

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plans, and decisions conceived by emperors, generals, and "great men" were meaningless and worthless, and that only the innumerable, spontaneous, and unco-ordinated actions of nameless masses of people shaped history. But Tolstoy was consistent: He attributed to "great men" no special influence on history, for evil any more than for good.

The Semi-Alibi

No matter how vigorously Khrushchev pleaded the alibi for himself and the present ruling group, he proved a semi-alibi only. As a prosecutor he could hardly convince a jury that he has not been the defendant's accomplice—at best he made himself an accomplice under duress. He spoke of Beria as that "villain who climbed up the government ladder over an untold number of corpses." How true! But was Beria alone? Khrushchev described with horror the character of a former official who took part in preparing the purges of 1937-1938 and in extracting confessions. The official was brought before the Presidium and questioned. He was, said Khrushchev, "a vile person, with the brain of a bird, and morally completely degenerate." What did this repulsive character claim in his defense? His plea, as reported by Khrushchev, was that he acted on higher orders which he understood it be his duty as a party member to carry out. Khrushchev indignantly rejected this apology as worthless. Yet almost in the same breath he used the same apology for himself and the other members of the Politburo: Under Stalin, he said, "no one could express his will."

THE TRAGEDY of contemporary Russia is that the whole elite of the nation share in one degree or another Stalin's guilt. Certainly no one in Moscow who would set himself up today as Stalin's accuser and judge could prove his own alibi. Stalin made of the whole nation, at any rate of all its educated and active elements, his accomplices. Those who opposed him perished, with very, very few exceptions, long ago.

Khrushchev exposed not only Stalin but Stalinism, not only the man but his method of government, and this rendered the continuation or revival of the method nearly impossible. He set out to state only the case of the Stalinist faction against Stalin, and he destroyed the case of the Stalinist faction. Willy-nilly, he exploded the idea of the monolithic party and of the monolithic state in which all must think alike.

Having produced the shock, Khrushchev was anxious to soften its impact. "We cannot let this matter get out of the party, especially not to the press," he warned his listeners. "It is for this reason that we are considering it here at a closed Congress session. We should know the limits; we should not give ammunition to the enemy; we should not wash our dirty linen before their eyes." However, one may even suspect that the indiscretion that allowed the State Department to act as Khrushchev's first publisher was not unwelcome to Moscow. It is from the mass of the Soviet people that his speech has been kept secret so far.

Pottering About With the Fifth Amendment

PAUL JACOBS

EVERY job has its own peculiar perquisites and emoluments; brewery workers get to drink free beer, bakers get to take home free rolls, and airplane pilots get free trips for their vacations. So, too, the fifteen hundred workers at a pottery plant in a Los Angeles suburb had their perquisites and emoluments—now and then a plate, once in a while a cup and saucer. It all added up, and in a year or two a man could accumulate a nice set of dishes—service for eight, say—free of charge. Only it was also without the company exactly knowing about it.

For years it went on like that, until one day the company decided to stop what the employees had come to regard as almost being their due and what the company thought of as pilferage. In the campaign to end the free-dish nights, an example was made of a couple of employees caught leaving with crockery. They were arrested.

The arrested workers got themselves a lawyer and he got to thinking. The pinched potters had told him that everybody else at the plant had built up their sets of dishes just as illegally. In fact, it was their contention that, at one time or another, almost every employee of the company had cadged some ceramics.

But this contention had to be proved. Thus it was that a few days later the attorney issued a subpoena for every single company employee—all fifteen hundred of them. Since it was a criminal case, there was no cost to the defendants for the issuing and serving of subpoenas, and the marshal started serving them at the rate of twenty-five or thirty a day.

Utter pandemonium ensued. The company was understandably upset, facing as it did the possibility of a large drop in production while its employees were busy testifying. No matter how expeditiously the questioning was done, it was obviously going to take a long time to get through fifteen hundred witnesses.

The employees themselves were also not too happy about the idea of going to court. In the circumstances this, too, was understandable. So they went to their union for advice, and the union president, in turn, conferred with the union's lawyer.

The attorney pondered the problem for a while and then came up with his solution.

It really wasn't going to be so difficult, he pointed out to the union president. He would go to court, representing all the fifteen hundred employees, and ask that only fifteen witnesses a day be called to testify. There was no doubt in his mind that the judge would grant this request since it was really pretty reasonable. In that way, production would be kept up, the employees wouldn't lose too much money, and,

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maybe after a few days the opposing attorney would get tired of the whole thing and the case would somehow be settled.

That sounded fine to the union president, but he wanted to know what the men were supposed to say when the other lawyer asked them if they, too, had ever taken any pottery from the plant.

"That's simple," said the lawyer. "They don't have to answer a question like that. They just refuse to answer on the grounds of self-incrimination. They plead the Fifth Amendment."

IN ABSOLUTE horror, the union president looked at the attorney. "Plead the Fifth Amendment?" he asked incredulously, "The *Fifth* Amendment? You must be crazy!"

"Why do you say that?" asked the lawyer.

"Those guys can't use the Fifth Amendment," was the answer. "They just can't!"

"Why not?"

"Because, don't you understand, they might be thieves but certainly they're not Communists!"

Fortunately for everybody, the matter was settled without the fifteen hundred potters having to make the terrible choice between either admitting that they had gotten their starter sets at something less than wholesale cost or having their friends and neighbors think them to be "Fifth Amendment Communists." The arrested employees pleaded guilty to a less severe charge than the one on which they had originally been pinched and the case ended there. The pilferage stopped, too.

The only thing that has continued is the belief, obviously still held by almost everybody involved, that the Fifth Amendment was written into the Constitution solely for the use of Communists. Nothing seems likely to shake this belief, not even the fact that the Amendment was adopted one hundred and thirty years before the formation of the Communist Party. After all, if "Ruth Simmons" of Colorado could once have been Bridey Murphy of Ireland, there is no reason why William Z. Foster might not have been a Founding Father, say like James Madison. That Madison was a sly one. Prescient, too.

Report from Red China: I—The Sparrows' Fall

PETER SCHMID

HONG KONG

MY NOTES on the New China must begin with a diatribe against Mr. Li. Li was my interpreter in Peking and one of the most inefficient people I have ever come across. It is a mystery to me why Peking, which in every other respect the Chinese are trying to make the show window of a utopia, should have employed such an incompetent. And Li was no exception; a British woman correspondent had an interpreter whose English was so scanty that he could only write everything down during an interview and translate it later with the aid of a dictionary.

When I wanted to visit the Great Wall, I decided against the usual quickie rubberneck automobile tour offered by the Travel Bureau and said I would go by railroad. Li made eyes as big as saucers. "There is no railroad going to the Great Wall," he said. I showed him on the map and in the guidebook that there was and asked him to look up the train schedule for me. Li informed me that there was only one train each afternoon and no way of returning the same day. I had to resort to the Swiss Embassy's interpreter to learn that a train left in the morning at half past seven, and that there was a convenient return train at three o'clock, giving me five hours at the Great Wall. The official Travel Bureau in Peking had not learned about this, according to Li.

I MENTION these trivialities for a reason. The foreigner in China has not the slightest prospect of seeing the inner workings of the Administration and finding out how the omnipotent, irrational bureaucratic machine treats the individual Chinese who happen to be caught in its gears. The visitor's only link with the government is the State Travel Bureau, which will hold him tight in its claws and direct his every act unless he summons the energy to break free of it. The Travel Bureau functions with smooth efficiency as long as the visitor sticks to the beaten track; it breaks down completely as soon as he takes a single step off the tourist trail.

It is well known, of course, that in many places in the Orient (and even in Europe) the inefficiency of the government is such that all dealings with it are sheer torture. But usually circumstances provide some way out. The dragging pace can be speeded up by little presents, or the traveler can take things into his own hands. Such methods are outlawed in China; you cannot buy anyone off or do a thing on your own. Should a dispute arise, you are simply out of luck. For example, on my last day in Peking the Travel Bureau presented me with a bill for nearly forty-six yuan ($19) for a three-hour ride in the suburbs of the city, although a fellow correspondent had paid just half that sum the day before for a ride of about the same distance that took considerably longer. I demanded an itemized bill. Li vanished into an upper story and returned after a while with the vague assurance that the bill was correct. No reason given, no chance of appealing to anyone in authority to explain the preposterous methods of reckoning. The state is always right.

A TEACHER of foreign languages in Shanghai, with whom I discussed this problem, suggested the reason for the ineptness of the interpreters. "There are thousands of Chinese here who speak foreign languages very well," he explained. "But they are not trusted. The jobs are given to inexperienced youngsters whose brains are easily molded into the patterns of Communism. For anyone coming in contact with foreigners, loyalty to the party line is more important than ability. Even our language courses are ideologically controlled to the point of absurdity.

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Recently I wanted to base a lesson on a sentence of Kant's: 'Peace is the supreme logical conclusion of Reason.' The censor, to whom we must submit even our lesson plans in advance, cut out the sentence. 'Why?' I asked. 'What is unacceptable about that statement?' 'That it was said by Kant,' was his reply."

The Cost

A trip through China makes a tremendous impression even—or perhaps especially—on the casual visitor. It is simply overwhelming to see the way things are shooting up out of the ground. All China seems to smell of cement. The activity is not limited to the building of huge new factories, schools, universities, and hospitals—showpieces of an ideology that has inscribed material progress on its banners. In Shanghai I met the east Berlin musicologist Harry Goldschmidt, who has come as a guest specialist to reorganize China's musical life. I met Hungarian soccer players and Polish glider experts who had been hired to come to China as instructors.

The cost in human terms of all this progress seems to be enormous. In return for the modern machinery imported from Russia and Czechoslovakia, China has to export such vast quantities of agricultural products that it has been necessary to introduce rationing. In Shanghai there are shortages of even nonrationed foods. The wretchedly low wages help to keep down the cost of the vast construction program; in a state-controlled economy the wages represent a kind of indirect contribution by every citizen.

The forced-growth process has certainly meant tremendous sacrifice for the Chinese people, and the sacrifices are increased by administrative blundering. China, which used to count time by millennia, now all at once seems determined to go galloping through the months, to complete the Five-Year Plan in four—although the original plan itself imposes a great strain. As a witty Chinese woman remarked to me in Shanghai: "The capitalists drive the people like cattle; the Communists drive them like tractors."

All this involves great dependence on Soviet aid, from which necessarily follows a rigorous political orientation toward Moscow. The more intensively industrialization is pursued, the more inadequate domestic resources, material and human, prove to be. No one knows how many hundreds of thousands of Russian specialists have moved into the factories and government posts of China. The exact number is kept secret, but there must be a great many, for they, and especially their wives, are seen everywhere in the streets of Peking. They stand out not only because of their complexions but also because of their better clothing and the heaps of packages they trundle home from the state department stores. For the foreign specialists are the only people in China who have money and can therefore buy things. The Russian men all seem to wear shiny new leather jackets, which make them look as tough as movie gangsters.

Big Brother

Heaven only knows what the Chinese really think of the Russians. Question someone and he will reply with the stock slogans about the "unselfish aid" the Soviet Russian brothers are offering. People who should know say that the Chinese make fun of their friends' uncouth appearance, and are even more amused by the wives, that with traditional Chinese superiority they regard the Russians as every bit as barbarian as Europeans or Americans.

Although I, like nearly every foreigner in China nowadays, was taken for a *sulyen*—that is to say a Soviet citizen—I was everywhere treated with the greatest consideration. This went so far that workers in overcrowded busses would offer me their seats. And yet I must mention one experience that might suggest a different conclusion. During a boat trip on the Yangtze I went ashore at a small town and took photographs. On my way back to the boat I was suddenly surrounded by heavily armed soldiers and arrested. All flashing of papers and avowals of innocence proved useless; I could already see myself in a dingy provincial jail learning Chinese from the rats. Fortunately one of my traveling companions who knew English came to my rescue. He spoke emphatically to one of the soldiers who had been shouting fiercely, *"Sulyen! sulyen!"* "No," the man assured the soldier, "this one isn't a Russian, he's Swiss." The soldier who had been browbeating me suddenly relaxed. "A Swiss?" he repeated. "Oh, in that case . . ." As I hurried up the gangplank, I could only conclude that at least this particular soldier had no great fondness for his Russian brothers.

The Dogless Days

Live and let live, the old Taoist rule, has been revoked in the New China. This became clear to me when my fellow passengers on a train suddenly started pursuing an innocent fly that had found its way into the car. At last they swatted it against the window pane with gestures expressing as much satisfaction as if it were a Kuomintang spy. There is a government edict calling for the eradication of flies.

In the cities there is hardly a dog to be seen. While I was in Peking I heard the story of their extermination. In order to do away with the packs of ownerless dogs that roamed the streets, owners were required to register their dogs. When the campaign began, the dogcatchers also called upon owners to have their pets destroyed. It is not clear whether this was in obedience to a secret directive or merely excessive zeal. At any rate some foreigners flatly refused to surrender their pets without a written order. In such cases the exterminators withdrew, shrugging their shoulders—fairly clear evidence that they were exceeding their authority. Hardly any Chinese dared resist for fear that even such a harmless disagreement with the authorities might involve the neck of the owner rather than that of the pet. As a result, the only dogs spared were those with virtual diplomatic status, and even these are scarcely ever taken out on the streets.

A new annihilation campaign is now in full swing, this one directed against sparrows. A single sparrow, according to official calculations, eats so and so many grams of rice a day. A hundred thousand sparrows eat so and so many tons every three months—sufficient to feed an entire village for so and so long. Therefore, death to all sparrows!

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The hunt is being organized in the usual thoroughgoing fashion. Kill quotas are established for every village. During my stay in Canton entire offices were closed for half a day and the employees sent out to hunt sparrows with rifles and slingshots. I saw fathers out with their children for a Sunday walk carrying rifles and peering among the trees. Naturally the victims were not sparrows alone, but anything that flew. This murder of the birds has become for me, far more than all the political injustices, a symbol of the senseless cruelty of the New China. What will happen, I wonder, to children who are not permitted to pat a dog or scatter crumbs for birds?

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Schmid on Red China.)

Jordan Finds 'A New Saladin'

RAY ALAN

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD King Hussein of Jordan has already seen three Levantine monarchs toppled from their thrones. One gathers in Amman that his most ardent desire is to avoid becoming a fourth. But, like many another insecure ruler before him, the harder he tries to endear himself to his mercurial subjects the more hostages he leaves in potentially hostile hands.

He was walking only a few paces behind his grandfather Abdullah when, in the summer of 1951, the old king was cut down by nationalist bullets. When his father, the mentally ill anti-British King Talal, succeeded Abdullah, Hussein was a bewildered, humiliated spectator of the British-backed efforts of of "old-gang" Jordanian politicians to unseat the sick king—possibly with the connivance of Talal's younger brother, Prince Naif, who served as regent during the first two months of the Talal reign. While this crisis was at its height, and barely two weeks before Talal was ousted and a new regency was proclaimed until Hussein was of age, news came from Egypt, where Hussein had been at school, of the officers' coup and Farouk's collapse and abdication.

A friend of Hussein's has described these as the events that have most influenced his political outlook. They certainly made clear to him the three directions from which he might expect the most decisive support or opposition during his reign: the emotional, nationalistic mob, whose only rallying cries were negative—anti-British, anti-Jewish, anti-Christian; the British and their "old gang" allies, fighting a stubborn rear-guard action in defense of dwindling privileges; and the army, the instrument elsewhere in the Arab Levant of the emergent, iconoclastic middle class, but in Jordan still under British control when Hussein came to the throne.

BOTH Amman and London expected the inexperienced Hussein to lean, if only for lack of alternative, on his kingdom's British connection and leave the day-to-day handling of affairs in familiar hands. He was dispatched, though briefly and belatedly, on the customary kingship course of Harrow and Sandhurst that Whitehall prescribes for Near Eastern princes. From this, however, he brought back not only a taste for uniforms, parties, and fast automobiles but also a resentment against the fate that permitted him to indulge his tastes only if the British taxpayer were willing to foot the bill.

Hussein's resentments began to feed on memories of his father's humiliation, recollections of minor unpleasantnesses at Sandhurst, and his not unnatural youthful diffidence in the presence of the mature, impassive, but condescending-seeming British officials and Jordanian politicos with whom his accession thrust him into contact. The resultant complex of emotions, aggravated by a noticeable nervous tautness that Amman doctors say is inherited, would probably have sufficed to impel him, sooner or later, to fling discretion to the desert wind, rebel against British and "old gang" tutelage, and endeavor to build himself up in his subjects' eyes as a leader and a king in his own right.

Abu Nawar and the Kill

That this happened sooner rather than later was due to the influence of an able young Palestinian colonel, Ali Abu Nawar, who had attracted the attention of a British brother officer as being "a bit Bolshie" and been posted to Paris as Jordanian military attaché to get him out of the way.

Abu Nawar's main task in Paris was the compilation of a report on French arms shipments to the Near East. This evidently necessitated, in his view, an intimate familiarity with Parisian night life, and when King Hussein visited the French capital the young attaché was eager to share his knowledge. Hussein, lonely and hungry for friendship, was flattered to be taken into the colonel's confidence on such delicate and even dangerous matters as the resentment felt by Jordanian officers at their subordination to British nominees. Hussein heard in this an echo of his own accumulated grudges, and was moved by the faith his officers apparently had in his personal ability to put things right. Shortly afterward he nominated Colonel Abu Nawar his personal military aide. Back in Amman, Abu Nawar gathered around him a group of eight other colonels and about twenty-five officers of lesser rank dedicated, in the spirit of the times, to the "Arabization" of Jordan's army and foreign policy.

Lieutenant General John Glubb, British commander of the Arab Legion, proved an easy target. He had for years been the scapegoat of Arab anti-colonialists; and Whitehall could scarcely put up an overt fight for a man Premier Clement Attlee and Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin had described, when he was besieging Jerusalem in 1948 (on their instructions, he has now revealed),

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as "a naturalised Jordanian citizen over whose activities the British government has no control." The British embassy in Amman, aware of what was brewing, requested King Hussein to allow Glubb to retire without fuss on March 31, with an announcement that his current contract had expired. But the king and his colonels had scented blood and were not to be denied their kill.

The Sudden Hero

Overnight, the half-incredulous Hussein found himself an Arab hero. Poets dedicated odes to him, songs were sung in his honor in Cairo and Aleppo cabarets, exultant Arabic papers captioned his portrait "The New Saladin." Success and popularity went to his head, and he sought frenziedly to stoke them even higher with denunciations of Israel, assurances to refugees that they would be back home in Palestine within a year, and orders to expand his army to achieve this aim. He teetered for a while on the verge of denouncing Egypt's "sellout" to Dag Hammarskjold, but Colonel Abu Nawar headed him off this perilous tack after conferring in Cairo with Colonel Abdel Nasser. The king then switched to the safer topic of Algeria, delivering a violently anti-French speech at a mass meeting his Prime Minister, Samir el-Rifai, had earlier banned in the interest of public order.

It was Premier el-Rifai who had been given the embarrassing chore of firing General Glubb after the king and Colonel Nawar, without consulting him, had arranged all the details. In mid-May el-Rifai returned from a typically futile meeting of the Arab League Political Committee in Damascus to discover that the king was denouncing him behind his back for having failed to secure agreement on a proposal for armed Arab League intervention in Algeria. Wearily, el-Rifai confided his woes to the sympathetic ears of the British ambassador, Sir Charles Duke, warned another western friend that Hussein was "showing the same symptoms" as his deposed father, and then resigned.

A Junta in Embryo?

The new Prime Minister, Saïd el-Mufti, a member of the Circassian minority and one of Jordan's most pliant politicians, will prove more immediately responsive both to King Hussein's impulsive will and to military pressure than his predecessor. Under cover of his Premiership, a major shift in Jordan's internal balance in favor of Ali Abu Nawar and his associates seems likely to occur—indeed, may already be under way.

Two days after Saïd el-Mufti's appointment, the thirty-four-year-old colonel was promoted to the rank of major general and nominated commander of the Jordanian Army. (The old British-coined name "Arab Legion" is being dropped.) Only King Hussein himself, as nominal commander in chief, is now senior to him. At the same time, eight of Abu Nawar's friends were made brigadiers (a rank between colonel and general) and named members of a royal "military council" that will sit under the new major general's chairmanship and function, one feels entitled to suspect, as a sort of junta in embryo. Glubb's Arab Legion policed Jordan and was able to influence elections by the judicious distribution of ballot boxes full of "soldiers' votes." With the new measures of militarization and conscription promised by Hussein and Abu Nawar, the new military council will have almost every branch of Jordanian life under its control. A purge of the council's critics and potential opponents in the army has already begun.

WHITEHALL, meanwhile, seems to have settled down to making the best of what it can only consider an appalling job. It is resigned to continue paying Jordan an annual subsidy and even to increase it to about $35 million; it is willing to regard this as "rent" for the use of bases at Aqaba (an army camp) and Mafraq and Amman (both airfields), and to pay it directly to the Jordanian government rather than, as in the past, into a British-administered fund; it is willing to supply the arms and military equipment Jordan needs. Its sole condition is that Jordan steer clear of the actively anti-British Egyptian-Saudi axis. Whitehall has outgrown its disastrous desire to draft Jordan into the Baghdad Pact. It is resigned, in short, to subsidizing Jordanian neutralism, just as Mr. Dulles is willing to subsidize Egyptian neutralism, if Colonel Abdel Nasser will let him. The height of Britain's ambition for Jordan is a year or two of stability while the new world situation comes into clearer focus.

This, however, with King Hussein at the helm, may be too much to ask. The king's personal revolt has upset the country's delicate equilibrium as a whole and inspired those of his subjects with grievances of their own against the traditional order to give them violent expression. There have been clashes between Moslems and Christians, and between peasants and representatives of their landlords. There is tension in the lower Jordan valley between Bedouins, pampered by Glubb, and cultivators, who expect the new order to pay more attention to them. Mistrust is acute between Transjordanians and Palestinians, the former resenting the efforts of the latter to dominate the state, the latter despising the former as backward and servile. There is open hostility between the majority which advocates alignment with Egypt and the much weaker but on the whole more intelligent minority which favors closer ties with Iraq.

THE WAR PSYCHOSIS Hussein himself whipped up in his quest for popularity has created tension even where no local conflicts exist and has aroused expectations of imminent action to destroy Israel which may prove almost as costly to disappoint as to fulfill. The moment the king appears to be climbing down, the mob will turn against him as swiftly as it rushed recently to applaud him.

The late King Abdullah commanded sufficient respect to be able to walk out of his palace gates and slap demonstrators over the head. His grandson, on present showing, would be more likely to help them burn the palace down. Levantine stability would no doubt gain if Major General Abu Nawar were to take a leaf out of Colonel Abdel Nasser's book and deport his monarch. But such an expedient would only be possible when the king's present popularity had begun to ebb. By that time irreparable damage may have been done.

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Africa: 'We Had Better Mean What We Say'

CHESTER BOWLES

The following article consists of excerpts from Africa's Challenge to America, *to be published by the University of California Press in September. The material is an edited version of the Berkeley Lectures delivered by Mr. Bowles at the University in March.*

In 1915 most Americans looked on Africa, when they thought about it at all, as an exotic and remote land of missionaries, "natives," and big-game hunters, where our interests, happily enough, seemed strictly limited.

By now most of us have come to realize that Africa is one-fifth of the earth's land surface, an area considerably bigger than China, India, and the United States combined; that Africa has a population of about 200 million people; that Africa is the richest untapped source of mineral wealth still available to a world that is rapidly devouring its resources; and that large sections of Africa are already being torn by a wave of anti-colonial nationalism which is creating political problems with a revolutionary potential second only to that of Asia.

Because we have been slow to understand the political and economic forces that have been turning Asia upside down, American prestige and influence between Cairo and Saigon are now at their lowest point. If we are to avoid similar failures between Tunis and Capetown, we shall need to approach colonial Africa not as a mosaic of colonial appendages to imperial Europe but as a crucially important continent with its own problems and its own promise.

Infinite Complexity

Foreign observers, with considerable justice, often charge Americans with an oversimplified approach to international affairs. Our practice, they say, is to sum up even the most complex situations in clichés, decide that one side is hopelessly wrong and the other everlastingly right, and then insist on a quick, easy, sloganized solution.

In Africa, with its infinite complexity, the answers almost invariably will be difficult, obscure, and controversial. For instance, those whose passion for independence leads them to insist that all of Africa's colonies and protectorates can suddenly cut their ties with Europe and survive as viable new nations are almost surely wrong. So are those who argue that Africans as a people are not capable of self-government in the foreseeable future, and that even

if they were, we could not risk the displeasure of our NATO Allies by saying so.

As a high British official in West Africa remarked to me, "Just tell me which are the two most illiterate, poverty-stricken, disease-ridden countries in all Africa today. They are the only two independent African nations that have never known European colonial domination—Liberia and, with the exception of the Italian adventure, Ethiopia. British rule in West Africa has sometimes been harsh, perhaps unnecessarily so. But slavery, for instance, wasn't brought to Africa by us. We *found* it here, established centuries ago by the Africans, and we stamped it out at considerable expense. What we *did* bring was respect for freedom, at least as an objective. . . . In Asia the British Empire in its traditional form is now largely gone—and it's been handled in a reasonable sort of way. When we promise to grant self-government to our remaining colonies, not only in Asia but in Africa, as soon as they are ready, even Moscow knows we mean it."

The knowledge that independence is just around the corner is a heady thing. In the Gold Coast, where nearly five million Africans stand on the threshold of freedom, we find pride and exhilaration, but also a sober appreciation of the problems that go with self-government. An African member of the Gold Coast government said to me, "We West Africans are an example of enlightened British colonial policy. Here you will find an able, well-educated, and youthful African leadership and a growing middle class. There are none of the bitter racial conflicts of British East Africa. Because we produce more than half the world's cocoa, we have a sizable amount of foreign exchange."

British East and Central Africa, however, have none of the soaring hopefulness of the Gold Coast and Nigeria. This is a world of varied tensions and uneven progress. The land is high and much of it is fertile; the climate is moderate and healthful. As a result, the economic and political structure is complicated by the presence of many Europeans who look on Africa as their permanent home.

Of the thirty-five million people who live in the Gold Coast and Nigeria only fifteen thousand are Europeans. Because these Europeans are prohibited by law from owning land, there is almost no competition with the Africans, and racial relations are excellent. In Uganda too, where the numerically weak Europeans own only one per cent of the land, good progress is being made. In Nyasaland and Tanganyika the number of the European settlers is also small, although they have managed to gain a strong voice in the government and in economic affairs.

But in Kenya and Southern Rhodesia we find the problem of land competition acute. Here, through their ownership of most of the best land, 150,000 Europeans have gained a position of almost total economic dominance over some eight million

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Africans. These Europeans consider themselves frontiersmen pledged to open up a backward country and destined by moral right to exploit its resources as they wish. They have no intention of abandoning their land. Their existence and their intransigence form one of the greatest obstacles on the road to African self-government.

As a result of western temporizing in the face of such obstacles, many of the young, British-educated African elite are losing faith not only in Britain but in America, and are looking with increasing hope and expectancy to Cairo and New Delhi. Some of them are looking beyond these capitals of neutralism to Moscow and Peking. Here is a view that will be heard throughout much of East and Central Africa:

"For all its talk about democracy and freedom, the United States government thinks it must keep silent to avoid trouble with its NATO Allies who still control two-thirds of Africa.

"So we come hard up against one essential fact: The only non-Communist people who persistently and sincerely champion the cause of racial equality and independence in Africa are the new leaders of independent Asia—men like Nehru, Nasser, and U Nu. They are the ones who speak up for us in the United Nations and elsewhere, and we are grateful. The Soviet bloc also supports us for its own cynical reasons. It will be a tragedy if Moscow gets control of our nationalist movements in Africa, yet it's bound to happen unless the colonial powers come to terms with those of us who understand and want democracy."

Now, most educated young East Africans are still hopeful that some way can be found to work out a balance between the races. An African dentist in Southern Rhodesia complained bitterly of the discrimination to which his people are subject, but then added:

"Please don't misunderstand me. Not many of us would want to see the Europeans leave Africa. Without their technical and management skills and development capital, our progress would be even slower. But why can't the Europeans in Africa recognize that *they* need *us*, too? We want to develop an *African* way of life where there's room for all races, nationalities, and religions on an equal footing. Who knows—perhaps the Europeans among us may some day accept an African Prime Minister of the Central Federation as naturally as the Romans accepted their dark-skinned African emperors."

AT THE OPPOSITE END are the voices from the possessions of France, whose flag flies over more than one-third of Africa, where there are only about 1.5 million white French citizens in a total population of fifty million. In spite of the deterioration of the French position generally, most of these French settlers remain uncompromising on the subject of North African independence. "Foreign meddlers should stop urging us to carry out policies we have no intention of carrying out," they say. "We regard the Africans in our overseas territories as Frenchmen or Frenchmen-to-be."

Even less tolerant of outside opinion is the typical high-ranking French military official in North Africa. "The proposition is an extremely simple one," he says. "Are we not all part of the Atlantic Alliance? Isn't strict French control of North Africa essential to the effectiveness of NATO? Without us, what would become of NATO's strategic air bases in Africa and Allied control of the Mediterranean? . . . We French were pushed out of Syria and Lebanon by British and American pressure—and what a mess the Middle East is in today. . . . Let's stop endangering our common cause by foolish sentimental talk about freedom for French protectorates."

In the Belgian and Portuguese territories south of French North Africa, various forms of "assimilation" to counter racial tensions are practiced by authorities who have no intention of granting independence, and small numbers of Africans are admitted to equality with Europeans when they meet certain "civilizing" requirements. But in South Africa, of course, where *apartheid* is the iron law of the land, tension is mounting ominously and many foresee a blood bath that may well engulf the continent.

The Three Forces

The history of the next twenty years may largely be written around the interplay of three forces that already powerfully influence world politics.

¶The first of these has been described as the Revolution of Rising Expectations. This revolution, which largely shapes the attitudes and aspirations of the billion and a half people of India, Africa, and South America, has three objectives: freedom from foreign domination, political or economic; a full measure of human dignity, regardless of race or color; and increased economic opportunities, broadly shared.

¶The second of these forces, the one most overlooked, is the pace at which the Atlantic nations, including the United States, are devouring their indigenous raw materials and becoming dependent on imports from the underdeveloped continents of Asia, Africa, and South America.

¶The third is the military, political, economic, and ideological conflict between the Atlantic nations and their associates, and the Communist nations opposing them.

These three forces are vitally relevant to the problems that confront us on the African continent today. Colonial Africa can only be understood in the context of their interplay.

WHEN an observer seeks to describe the strong currents of disaffection that are shaking colonial Africa, he naturally comes to think in terms of nationalism. Yet the diversified bases of African nationalism make for a picture that differs from area to area. Some of them arise from

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a regional alignment created originally by the colonial power, as in the case of the Gold Coast. Others stem from the older tribal structure of native society, as in Nigeria. Still others have their roots in a radical messianic movement under the fanatic leadership of a native figure; such has been the case with the earlier Mahdist movement in the Sudan and the Mau Mau in Kenya.

To the extent that such disaffected groups can be termed nationalist in aim—to the extent that their focus is on political independence—they seem to share one common element throughout the continent: a demand for the creation at once of institutions identical with those of the colonizing country, regardless of their applicability to the local situation. This may be merely a short-term demand, an expression of a transitional phase. But it makes for a powerful force.

The independence movement in Africa has also drawn inspiration from America's revolutionary break with British colonialism, and from the vigorous stand taken by such Americans as Lincoln, Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt in favor of the self-determination of peoples. Yet African nationalism is most immediately influenced by the independence movements in Asia since the war, and particularly in India.

'Rightness' and 'Wrongness'

It was no accident that Africa's revolutionary objectives were formalized at the Bandung Conference in April, 1955. The development of Asian nationalism and its success in achieving freedom for some six hundred million people convinced African leaders that they are part of a mighty world movement and gave

them new confidence to press forward.

The Bandung Conference of twenty-nine nations, representing five-eighths of all the people of the world, would have been an event of historic importance under any circumstances. But its impact was heightened by the curious mixture of self-deception, nervousness, and arrogance with which it was viewed from the capitals of the Atlantic powers. One Washington official went so far as to sum up the State Department's attitude as one of "benevolent indifference." Nothing could illustrate more vividly the failure of many western leaders to grasp the political significance of what is happening in Africa and Asia.

In terms of institutions, experience, and civil servants, most of Africa at this stage is less well equipped for self-rule than the Asians were. Africa also has less faith than the Asians had in the sincerity of the Atlantic nations, including the United States. Such factors add new and explosive dimension to the classic colonial situation.

Today, most of Africa is not far removed from what it was before the Europeans came. To create viable nations out of a people whose sense of loyalty is still limited to tribe, family, or clan is obviously difficult. Diversity of life, culture, and language creates similar barriers to cohesive agreement on objectives. There are some eight hundred African tribes and languages as well as thousands of dialects. In Tanganyika, the Congo, and other regions, there are many tribes that communicate with each other with great difficulty or not at all. Tribal chiefs in the bush sometimes mistrust the African intellectuals of the cities rather more than they do the Europeans who control their central governments. And apart from the African's lack of political, parliamentary, and administrative experience, equally great are the problems that grow out of the primitive state of much of his economy. Without adequate production, adequate revenues are unavailable for education, housing, public health, and communications.

MEANWHILE, although the people of Africa are at the moment among the poorest and most primitive in the world, the continent itself may turn out to be the richest in those natural resources which make our modern industrial age possible. Vast areas of Africa remain unsurveyed, and much of the natural resources that are known to exist there must be explored further. Yet the natural wealth already coming out of Africa serves as a preview of its stupendous possibilities.

Thus in Africa as in Asia, the three dynamic components in the Revolution of Rising Expectations—political freedom, human dignity, and

increasing economic opportunities—are closely interlocked. Each feeds the other.

As a result, it becomes clearer with each passing day that Africa is setting its own timetable of freedom. To avoid being run over and left behind by history, the colonial powers will have to adjust themselves to the new facts of African life while there is still time.

The pattern in Africa today is one of nationalist threat followed by European counterthreat, followed by riots, followed by conferences, followed by grudging concessions to the nationalists, followed by a temporary truce—after which the costly cycle is repeated. Indeed, this has been the historic pattern in the breakup of empires around the world.

The concessions are inevitable, but now they are begrudging and bitter. They need not be. What are now concessions could become agreed landmarks on the road to freedom along which Europeans, instead of being dragged, could be traveling hand in hand with Africans.

The voices demanding self-government and a full measure of human dignity and opportunity cannot lightly be ignored. Whether they are "right" or "wrong" is beside the point. The rising expectations of Africa add up to a force that will not be denied.

The Economic Side

Under what some still call normal circumstances, America would have had a heavy stake in the outcome of this three-pronged revolution. But the second of the great forces at work today—our growing depend-

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ence on imported raw materials—makes our stake even greater.

In the last twenty years the U.S. industrial machine alone has consumed more raw materials than in all of its previous existence. Already we are importing half of all our industrial raw-material requirements. If we should lose access to the raw materials of Asia, we would be seriously handicapped, but we could still maintain our economic growth for many years. If, however, we were also denied access to the almost limitless mineral reservoir of Africa, we would face formidable difficulties within a decade even though the resources of Canada and of South America remained available to us.

THE SUGGESTION that the Atlantic nations may some day be cut off from the resources of Asia and Africa will be dismissed by many as preposterous. Yet in a single decade British policymakers have lost the power finally to decide when, on what terms, and for whose benefit the natural wealth of India, Pakistan, Burma, or Ceylon will be used. The Dutch in The Hague and the French in Paris no longer control the wealth of Indonesia and Indo-China. The Middle East, which contains eighty per cent of the oil reserves of the entire non-Communist world, is throwing off the last vestiges of western political domination.

Thus the ability of the heavily industrialized Atlantic powers to command the resources of Asia and the Middle East is now largely determined not by political or military ties but by *mutual* economic self-interest. It is only a question of time before this will also be true in Africa.

Yet the Atlantic nations, and most particularly the United States, are failing to create the political, economic, and ideological foundations that are essential for a lasting partnership between the new nations of Asia and Africa and themselves. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union is steadily working its way into a position from which it can offer an alternative association. Indeed, Africa promises to become one of the major economic and ideological battlegrounds in the struggle between the Communist bloc and the Atlantic Alliance.

DESPITE Africa's new importance in global affairs and our own deepening involvement in its fate, the continent's complexities have helped to convince many American officials that our policy should be to have no positive policy at all. Because Africa is largely dominated by European powers, its future is often said to be none of our business, particularly so because these are cold-war allies whom we cannot afford to alienate.

Even on cursory analysis this argument, it seems to me, quickly falls apart. Our traditional stand in regard to self-determination conflicts in no sense with the requirements of military security; indeed, our national-security objectives and the objectives of responsible African nationalists closely coincide.

What these new African leaders want most from us now is the responsible reassertion of the democratic principles that have provided the primary energizing force behind America's growth and influence. Because of our failure to recognize this interconnection, we have been turning what should be an opportunity into a quandary.

By now we have seen enough of the political realities of Africa to know that the pace of events there can no longer be controlled by our European friends. Although we can-

not control it either, wise policies may enable us to influence developments in ways that will advance the aspirations of the Africans and protect not only our strategic interests but also those of our NATO Allies.

The U.N. Floodlights

It is in the U.N. that our pretense of being able to get along without a positive African policy collapses completely. Today Asians, Africans, and people everywhere who were brought up to believe that the trusteeship concept was among the more constructive achievements of American statesmanship watch in despair as we sit in the U.N., squirming our way through some of the most important issues of our time and seeking to convince ourselves that the domination of one people by another is really not our affair unless the "other" is the Soviet Union.

There is another consideration of the most intensely practical sort. In French North Africa we have invested a billion dollars in air and naval bases. No trend in Africa is clearer than the steady reduction of French power and the inexorable rise of the North African nationalists. With each passing day, the fate of our bases becomes more dependent on groups whose opinions and aspirations we have largely ignored.

AT PRESENT the world is not even giving us credit for a deliberate policy of minding our own business. What seems to us a policy of noninvolvement appears to others as indecision. On V-J Day we stood before the people of the now uncommitted world as a respected symbol of individual rights and opportunities. If we allow the reality to be drained from that image, we will sooner or later lose our ability to influence the course of history in half the world. If such is the result of trying to avoid having a policy, it is hard to see how we could do worse *with* one.

In spite of the steady retreat of many American leaders from the traditions that contributed so much to America's greatness, Africans still draw inspiration from our history of anti-colonialism. The Congress of the United States was reflecting one of the oldest convictions in our history when in a concurrent resolution in 1955 it declared: "It is the sense of the Congress that the United States should administer its foreign policies and programs and exercise its influence so as to support other peoples in their effort to achieve self-government or independence under circumstances which will enable them to assume and maintain an equal station among the free nations of the world." What the African people expect of us today is not a departure from our tradition but a reaffirmation of it.

Cordell Hull's Five Points

For the framework of an American policy toward Africa, we can do no better than to turn to the late Cor-

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dell Hull. In the discussion preliminary to the development of the United Nations Mr. Hull pressed upon the British in particular, from whom he felt there was the greatest likelihood of a positive response, a series of five reasonably precise principles that he felt should guide colonial powers in their relationship with Africa and Asia. These principles include the following statements:

"First, they were to give the colonial peoples protection, encouragement, moral support, and material aid, and to make continuous efforts towards their political, economic, social, and educational advancement.

"Second, they were to make available to qualified persons among the colonial peoples, to the fullest possible extent, positions in the various branches of the local governmental organization.

"Third, they were to grant progressively to the colonial peoples such measures of self-government as they were capable of maintaining in the light of the various stages of their development towards independence.

"Fourth, they were to fix, at the earliest practicable moments, dates upon which the colonial peoples would be accorded the status of full independence within a system of general security.

"Fifth, they were to pursue policies under which the natural resources of colonial territories would be developed, organized, and marketed in the interest of the peoples concerned and of the world as a whole."

Although these farsighted proposals were greeted with scant enthusiasm among our European associates, they formed in large measure the thinking behind Chapters XI, XII, and XIII of the U.N. Charter, which relate to trusteeship and non-self-governing territories. Great Britain has come closest to accepting them as a general standard to guide future European-African relations.

It is fortunate that the United Nations is available as a forum in which nationalist aspirations can be expressed and furthered by persuasion. The U.N. may be at least as valuable to the colonial powers in providing a safety valve for nationalist ambitions as it is to the African nationalists in providing a world platform. American policy should, I believe, welcome and strengthen in every legitimate and responsible way the role the United Nations can play in helping Africa's revolution reach its goals in a manner as peaceful, responsible, and just as conditions permit.

The only direct-action machinery in the United Nations is the International Trusteeship System, which has limited responsibility for about eight per cent of Africa's millions. But there is also the Declaration Regarding Non-Self-Governing Territories, which applies to all colonies not included under the Trusteeship

Council. It includes an obligation to submit to the Secretary General "information of a technical nature" on conditions in dependent areas. Beyond this, there are the general provisions of the Charter under which the United Nations has discussed the political difficulties in Morocco, Tunisia, and Algeria and the racial conflicts of South Africa.

This rather extensive U.N. machinery could become a primary means of communication and influence in dealing with Africa. What use has America made of it? Our approach for the most part has been timid and often inconsistent. Our usual tactic has been to attempt to avoid trouble by abstaining.

The Target-Date System

Secretary Hull's fourth point—the setting of individual target dates for self-determination for each trust territory—offers perhaps the greatest opportunity to encourage African support for a long-range, orderly program of colonial liquidation both within the Trusteeship Council and in the non-self-governing areas.

A precedent was set for establishing such target dates when the General Assembly decided in 1949 that Libya should become independent in two years and in 1950 that Italian Somaliland should become independent in ten.

The risks involved in the target-date system are by no means unreal. There is always the possibility of unforeseen events. A target date which seemed reasonable when it was set may have to be postponed for legitimate reasons. If this occurs, confidence is further shaken and old suspicions and frustrations increased. If, to avoid such dangers, the date is set far enough ahead to provide for all possible contingencies, it may lead to frustrations of a different sort.

The difficulties are considerable, but they do not appear to me decisive. The U.N. process is an open one. A target date set by the United Nations would remain a recommendation made to the administering authority. Although this authority would retain the last word, it would be required to justify delay before the world jury.

No responsible government that honestly seeks peace and progress in Africa can advocate the hurly-burly liquidation of colonial rule. On the other hand, to advocate or consent to withholding of self-government until frustrated nationalist mobs have made both orderly colonial government and a dignified withdrawal impossible is at least equally irresponsible. The folly of this course has been demonstrated in both Indo-China and Algeria.

A carefully planned step-by-step evolution from colonial rule to self-government is a rational and proven

alternative. In 1934 the United States gave commonwealth status to the Philippines and agreed to full independence in a ten-year period. This promise was kept, and the Philippines today is a stable nation dedicated to freedom. Similarly, Italian Somaliland is to receive self-government in 1960.

In both these instances the estab-

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lishment of a reasonable time schedule had a remarkable psychological effect on both the people concerned and the colonial administrators. In Somaliland today there is amazingly little tension and suspicion. The Somalis are confident and the Italians are co-operative. There is no ugly racism to complicate the scene.

The contrast with Kenya and Tanganyika directly to the south is striking.

On this question of "target dates," as on others, our use of U.N. machinery in dealing with Africa should be not only imaginative but realistic. In our advocacy of freedom we should not be tempted into irresponsibility. The African is the underdog. But he is not always right. Nor is the colonial power always wrong.

Steps Toward Independence

What is needed is a carefully phased schedule covering economic as well as political development. Although each colony will vary in its rate of growth, it may be assumed that in a particular colony village self-government is attainable within a five-year period. In this five years a program may be put into effect that includes school building, road building, and participation by Africans in simple advisory committees to encourage local initiative and decision making. For a brief trial period after the grant of local self-government, a veto power may be retained at a higher governmental level.

The second five years could have as its political objective provincial self-government with the veto power maintained for a trial period by the central government. The steps toward national self-government and ultimate independence could move from a national multiracial constituent assembly to self-government in all domestic affairs based on national multiracial assemblies, and finally full-fledged self-determination with a common voting-eligibility roll regardless of race.

In the past, the United States has been unsympathetic toward whatever efforts have been made to press the administering nations toward specific dates when independence might be possible. Our relations with modern Africa provide a classic example of the limitations of a foreign policy dominated, as is American foreign policy at the moment, by the narrowest military considerations. Africa today is an economic, political, and ideological problem. It will become a military problem only if we fail to meet this varied and immediate challenge.

In our global effort we should, I believe, include a substantial sum for economic assistance to African peoples, whether subject or free. To all their grants and loans we should apply the same administrative conditions—among them the proviso that responsibility for economic progress must be accepted as far as possible by the people themselves. Our economic effort can in this way assist in seeking out and developing local leadership.

Wherever we can establish closer direct contact with the African people we should do so.

In all of colonial Africa, with a total population of 140 million people, we have less than fifty United States representatives, dealing almost exclusively with white officialdom. Our information program in Africa should also be directed to the Africans rather than to the thin crust of Europeans at the top. In the United States Information Service in Léopoldville, Belgian Congo, 680 book borrowers were registered in 1955, of whom only twelve were Africans.

No Pompous Lectures

Our efforts to persuade our Atlantic associates toward a more flexible and liberal approach will require an especially large measure of tact and understanding. Pompous lectures to our European friends on colonial matters, regardless of the applause such lectures may win from the Africans, are more likely to set back the cause of responsibile self-government than to advance it. We have no monopoly of anti-colonial virtue. Ideals of freedom, though dramatized for the anti-colonial world by our own revolution, germinated first in Britain and France. Let us therefore approach Europe unhampered by any smug vision of stereotyped imperialist villains.

At the same time, Europeans should recognize our right not only to speak but to act on African problems. The NATO alliance is based on the conviction that the future of the Atlantic nations depends on their combined ability to meet the far-flung challenge that now faces them.

If there is anything clear in Africa by this time, it is the relentless pressure of the forces which we have been discussing, in the forefront of which stands ardent nationalism against the explosive background of racial tensions and suspicions.

The tragedy of the last few years has been the inability of the Atlantic powers to learn from experience. Many will argue that the attitude of the colonial powers makes the evolutionary approach I have proposed a practical impossibility. This judgment may indeed be correct. But if so, let us face the fact that in the next ten or fifteen years the Atlantic powers will meet with catastrophes in Africa far more disastrous and even more clearly foreseeable than the costly setbacks which have already occurred in China, Indo-China, and the Middle East.

At present, we seem to be adrift without a policy, without even a clear objective. If we proposed a Charter for Africa based on the five points of Cordell Hull, the result in Asia as well as Africa would be electric, and we would move far towards recapturing the initiative which we have thrown away.

The charter I have in mind would provide a new practical meaning to the principles on which western civilization was based in a world that is yearning for the triumph of reason over violence, and for an effective reassertion of the Rights of Man. Let me add one warning: We had better mean what we say.

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VIEWS & REVIEWS

Mrs. Kalish's Holiday

A Short Story

BERNICE KAVINOKY

"YES INDEED, Mrs. Kalish." The clerk at the desk smiled down at her. "Your nephew made the reservation last month. It's all taken care of." She thought he was going to reach out and pat her white cotton glove as she signed her name to the registry. "You understand—" he hesitated and she felt it was her turn to smile at this sober young man—"you'll be sharing a cottage with someone."

"Oh, of *course*." Now she thought he was going to vault over the desk and embrace her. Without realizing it, she stepped back a little. Then she leaned toward him intimately. "I *told* my nephew he had no business treating me to a holiday in the first place. I'd never let him take a whole cottage. Goodness! I don't take up that much room!" She saw him look down with her at her squat, plump body, and then glance briefly at the swollen ankles. "The only thing is," she apologized, "I don't get around so well. I hope I'm —it won't be too far from the beach, will it?"

"You can have your pick. Vinny will take good care of you." He pressed a buzzer on the wall behind his head. "Why don't you have a seat meanwhile? Make yourself at home."

She hobbled to an overstuffed chair near the French doors and sat down beside her lumpy suitcase. Through the open windows she could breathe in the night breeze coming off the lake like a sweet drink of water, and even after the weary train ride she felt lightheaded and refreshed. With a warm spurt of excitement recognized from her rare visits to the theater she let the confused color and movement of the lobby settle down around her. The air fanned past her as a boy and girl danced solemnly across the floor; she heard the pop of a Ping-pong ball and the rattle of a slot machine like the clearing of a metallic throat. In the corner two couples sat playing canasta; the women tapped their long red fingernails against the cards. And off to one side a young man in a blue T shirt slammed his fingers down on the keys of a piano while two girls in light sleeveless dresses hung over him screaming out the words to a song. The scene had a faraway look to it, she thought, as if someone had arranged it for a stage.

The last time she remembered being in a summer hotel was when she was a little girl. She could just see herself now, hanging onto Papa's sleeve with one hand and with the other twirling a tiny purple parasol that matched her lavender-and-white checked dress. The dress had been hand-sewn by the lady who shortened Mama's hems; at the bodice she had knotted such a cunning little sprig of violets. Here in the lobby of the Bel-Air Hotel she could smell again the papery fragrance of the checked material, still so new that it smelled of the counter where she and Mama had picked it out.

A BOY was standing in front of her holding her bag in his hand. Quickly she looked up to make sure that the clerk was still at the desk, for there was familiarity in the sand-colored hair cut close to the scalp, the mouth set in a wide grin, the whites of the eyes almost blue and cloudless. "I'm Vinny," the boy said cheerily, clinking three keys together on a brass ring. "We got a choice of places for you, Mrs. Kalish."

"Not too fast now, Vinny," she said, rising stiffly from her chair. "You got an old lady here."

"Some old lady!" he said, and as he tucked her arm under his she found herself walking with a step much lighter and quicker than her own.

Bushes were thick on every side of the stony path they followed. When she brushed by them she received a tiny shock of dew upon her flesh. At the end of the pathway they came suddenly on the lake, torn straight down the middle by moonlight.

"How d'you like that?" Vinny said softly, and they stopped still, watching the black and dazzled water, listening to the hushed noise of canoe paddlers and the voices that came muffled to the shore.

It was as beautiful as her nephew

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had promised. "What's the diff, Aunt Minna," he had asked her, "if you don't swim or play golf? All you got to do is dip your toes in that water to feel good all over." Or even look at it, she thought. She could just imagine how cool and soothing the water would be on her ankles.

And all at once she missed Sidney, passionately, the way she had in the first year, as if she were newly widowed all over again. Maybe because it was a holiday or because there were young couples wherever she looked or because he used to love the fresh summer air. He would have stood here with them, sniffing the lake, stopping to breathe it full into his lungs, and all the while he would have been learning about Vinny. In two minutes, she thought, he would have known his last name, his home town, and what his people did for a living.

In the dark she smiled at Vinny as he helped her up the steps of a small shingled cottage that faced the narrow strip of beach.

"WHO you got there?" A young man arose from the glider on the porch.

Vinny cleared his throat. "Isn't this Number 21? Miss Kandell's room?"

"Who wants to know?" She saw a girl swinging back and forth in the glider, fussing with her hair.

"Well, this here is Mrs. Kalish, Miss Kandell. She thought she'd share your cottage if—"

The young man whistled. "Boy, have you got the wrong number!"

"No," Vinny answered doggedly. "Number 21. It's a share and—"

"Not any more it isn't." The girl's voice was loud in the darkness. "I decided to pay for it single."

"Well," Vinny said slowly, "that's fine then, Miss Kandell, I'll just tell the manager and—"

"Don't worry, Bud," the young man said, standing on the verandah with his hands in his pockets. "She'll tell the manager herself."

Mrs. Kalish spoke. "We're surely sorry to have bothered you—" she said, but Vinny took her arm and guided her down the steps before she could finish.

"Those kind of people cause the office lots of trouble," he muttered. "I suppose she thinks her boy friend's going to pay the bill."

"Oh, well," Mrs. Kalish said, following him down the narrow boardwalk along the beach, "some people are funny. They think they want one thing and then first thing you know they've changed their mind. I didn't much like the looks of that one anyways."

They stopped in front of another cottage exactly like the first. "This time you wait down here and I'll see if everything's O.K."

She sank down on the lowest step and realized for the first time how tired she was. Somehow sand had sifted over the tops of her shoes. With her finger she tried to reach down inside her heavy oxfords to get at the sand. She watched the square of light falling on the walk below her as the door opened, heard without listening the murmur of voices.

"THIS IS IT," Vinny said, lifting her to her feet and bringing her to the door.

Inside stood a pretty young girl with gingery hair who looked a little like her nephew's wife. She was peering eagerly into the darkness. When Mrs. Kalish limped over to her and thrust out her white-gloved hand, her green eyes opened wide as a child's.

"This is Miss Melinger, Mrs. Kalish," Vinny said.

After a pause the girl took her hand. "How do you do?" she asked faintly.

Minna Kalish went to the empty dresser and, loosening her felt-covered hatpins, removed her tan-brimmed hat. As she stood before the mirror and smoothed a hand over her graying hair she saw the girl beckon Vinny out to the porch. Their voices came in to her in low, fierce whispers. She drew off her gloves and blew gently into each finger. Then she laid the gloves neatly beside her hat. Still facing the mirror, she saw Vinny coming toward her from the dark oblong of the open door.

"Mrs. Kalish?"

She turned to him.

"It seems, Mrs. Kalish—well, it looks like Miss Melinger thought she was going to share with her girl friend from the office. She thought that's who I was bringing in now. I guess the manager promised her she could room with her girl friend—"

She shook her head. "For heaven's sake, this is really getting *funny*. You'd think the manager of a big

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place like this would be a little more —well—" She picked up her gloves. "Seems like we're on the go again, Vinny." She put her hat on any old way without turning back to the mirror.

THIS TIME she made her way very slowly along the white beach and leaned heavily on Vinny's arm. She clucked her tongue. "Such a shame," she said, "dragging that big suitcase around."

"Say," he said. "Don't you worry about me. I'm not a bit tired." He put his free arm about her waist. "The pebbles can get kind of slippery," he said.

She was breathing rapidly. "I don't blame that child a bit," she said, "wanting to wait for her girl friend. You'd think that manager would know enough himself. My goodness, it's pleasant coming two together that way."

He said something in a choked voice.

"I can't hear you, Vinny."

At the third cottage Vinny ran up the steps ahead of her and banged on the door.

"Come on in." The door was flung open and a woman put her head out. "This my roommate?" Her voice sounded thick and it was difficult to understand her. "Fine. Fine. C'mon in. It's a free country!"

Mrs. Kalish sank down on the twin bed with almost a sob of weariness. While Vinny found a spot for her suitcase she unlaced her shoes and kicked them off. Then she began to massage her ankles with her palms.

"Feels good, huh?" Her roommate asked in the same slurred way. "My name's Sally and I'm just going to run to the lobby to see what's doing. So you can let your hair down." She picked up a bottle of whisky from the dresser. "Anyone want to wet their whistle?" she asked, dangling the bottle invitingly before them. When they shook their heads she shrugged and replaced the bottle on the dresser. "See you later." And she walked unsteadily through the door.

MINNA KALISH looked at Vinny and smiled. He came up to the bed. "I can't tell you how sorry I am—" he said, but she interrupted him.

"Now, how are you supposed to know the manager's business? That's not your job, it's his. Tomorrow I'm going to give that young man a talking-to. Letting an old lady like me wander around through the wrong doors!"

She opened her change purse and took out the dollar bill she had put there for tipping. She tried to press it into Vinny's hand but he wouldn't take it. He kept shaking his head and he wouldn't have taken it at all if she hadn't put it right into his shirt pocket and buttoned it down good. Then she was afraid he thought it wasn't enough, because he ran off looking flushed and angry even though he'd been so friendly all evening.

WHEN she climbed into bed and turned off the light she thought she'd fall right off to sleep, she was so tired. Maybe she was too tired to sleep—she'd read that somewhere. Or maybe it was the brightness of the moonlight hitting the lake and bouncing right up through the thin curtains at the window. Whatever it was, she couldn't close an eye. Later she heard her roommate come in, clumsily knocking into things and stumbling before she finally got into her own bed. Her roommate began to snore and then she knew she would never get to sleep. And the way it was when she couldn't get to sleep, she found herself thinking of all sorts of things.

She kept seeing herself with the parasol and the lavender-and-white checked dress the time she'd been to a summer hotel with her family. After supper that first day, Mama and Papa sat down for a game of cards and sent her out to play with the other children at the hotel. The grounds seemed enormous to her as she played hide-and-seek with her strange new friends. Even then she hadn't been very quick at hiding and running and was "it" a good many times.

Finally they told her to hide her face against the bark of a tree and count slowly to one hundred. The bark dug into her hands as she held them tightly over her eyes. When she had finished counting to one hundred it had grown quite dark and for a minute she was not sure where she was. She looked all over for the children, calling out to them loudly. At last she became frightened and began to run in panic toward the lights of the hotel that lay so dim and distant before her eyes. She ran faster and faster and fell once or twice and thought that she had scratched her arm but would not stop to see. When she reached the hotel at last she crouched down into a corner of the veranda, until Papa came out calling for her. And it wasn't until she was up in her room that she knew how deep the scratch must have been, for the sleeve of her little checked dress was stiff and brown with blood.

AND why in the world should a grown woman lie in bed and weep over a lavender dress that had been torn up in strips and used for rags and thrown out some forty years ago or more?

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Rome's Most Favored Tourists

SYLVIA WRIGHT

ROME

THE American Academy in Rome is incorporated under an Act of Congress, has Contributing Institutions and an Advisory Council, publishes Memoirs and Papers and Monographs, and people work there on things like Etrusco-Campanian black glazed ware, fictile architectural revetments, and the prosopography of the ruling classes of the early Roman Empire. It is a solemn and scholarly institution.

Yet for many of its former Fellows and visitors, the Academy is a golden dream, enveloped forever after in a haze of glory. Things eaten, drunk, thought, or created there are special. The term "Prix de Rome" resounds with suggestions of Victorian grandeur.

Here, for the young artist or student, is a year of life in a Roman palace, with a private studio to work in, a library to browse in, a courtyard to bask in. Against loneliness, the Academy provides the student with companionship of the like-minded; for contemplation, spread beneath his window, the city at its most arresting: clustered burnt-orange buildings intricately sprouting domes and towers, dark-green patches of pine and cypress, the whole from moment to moment shifting in color and texture against the background of the gray, sometimes snow-capped Alban Hills.

ROME, to a present-day American, is a goal and perhaps a need, one of the places where we hope some aesthetic or spiritual lightning will strike us. But Rome is elusive, and the average tourist chooses exactly the circumstances in which such an experience is most unlikely: Deposited too quickly in an alien environment where everyday acts like taking a bus, asking a direction, getting change become hurdles; gorged with strange food; seeing against a deadline; the texture of his life disheveled—how can he hope that mermaids will sing to him? And Rome, it seems, is not only mermaids but sphinxes, river gods, naiads, tritons, dolphins, cherubs, angels—sprawling, spouting water, riding on each other's backs, running over the proper frames and boundaries, dangling their bare feet from the church ceilings, all beckoning at once. It is too much.

Still, there is ancient Rome. Blue Guide in hand like a prayer book, he goes off to find it. The book promptly labels him a pilgrim: People swarm to sell him cameos, rosaries, city plans, post cards, love. In the confusion, earnest statements in his book confirm his purpose: "Nothing could be more instructive than the visit of ancient Rome . . . it should be made with a good description." So he looks at one of the great sights: the curious long valley, dotted with arches, battered blocks of stone, odd columns, and headless statues, a meaningless but persistently suggestive assemblage, overgrown under the brilliant Roman sun with vines and flowers, and edged, as if by guardians, with battered churches. His eye goes back to the guidebook for explanation and finds something like this: "The three lofty columns adjoining are all that remain of the hexastyle pronaos (formerly of six columns) of the rich and graceful *Temple of Vespasian,* erected (about 81 A.D.). . ." Vespasian, he guesses, was an emperor, but what is a hexastyle pronaos? He trudges conscientiously through the Roman Forum, hoping it will come to life, but the temples and basilicas are difficult to identify, and when identified turn out to be only a few paving stones and columns. He goes back to his hotel.

The Elect

A fellowship at the American Academy provides two things such a tourist lacks: time and access to the knowledge which can inform sightseeing. A fellowship is for a year; renewal for another year is possible through mutual agreement. It includes transportation from New York to Rome and back; a room and, for the artist or musician, a studio; and a stipend of $1,250. The Fellows get meals at cost, for about $1.30 a day. An additional sum of $300 is provided for traveling elsewhere. This is considered an important part of a year at the Academy, and Academy Fellows often take off for the hill towns or other art centers, like the natives on growling motorcycles, sometimes with a wife perched behind, casually riding sidewise with her legs crossed as girls do in Italy. Motor scooters are favored because you look as little as possible like a tourist, you are in the open and a part of the scene, and you can stop and make a drawing with a minimum of fuss and parking problems. The Academy also offers each Fellow twenty free Italian lessons.

As the American School of Architecture in Rome, the Academy was founded in 1894 by Charles F. McKim of the famous New York architectural firm of McKim, Mead & White, a year after the Chicago World's Fair had established as fashionable a "modified Roman style" in building, and, in Mr. McKim's generous view, made it desirable for young architects to study in Rome. A few years later, painting and sculpture were added. In 1913, this School of Fine Arts was united with the School of Classical Studies, a separate institution that had been founded in 1882 on the model of the American School in Athens. Fellowships in landscape architecture, the composition of music, art history, and writing have been added since that time—the single fellowship for a writer, which was established by the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1952, being the most recent. Throughout this period, the Academy has remained a private institution, supported entirely by contributions from individuals and interested organizations.

In the Villa Aurelia

The Academy acquired its present site in 1911, when an American lady willed it the Villa Aurelia, a former garden casino of the Farnese family

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on the Janiculum hill. This set the Academy above and apart from the central clamor of the city, for the Janiculum stands across the Tiber from the main part of Rome, and has its special interests: Besides its soul-stirring view, there are the Garibaldi monument, Tasso's oak, Bramante's unexpected little temple, and the lighthouse presented by the Italians of Argentina, undoubtedly because the only thing Rome lacked was a lighthouse.

At present the villa serves as the home of the director and his family. The Academy proper is established in the nearby building McKim designed, a charming and spacious structure (in a modified Roman style) with high ceilings which swell the heating bill in winter. Around these buildings, other property has been acquired. The whole, with the view, the formal garden, the vege-

table garden where purple artichokes burgeon in the sun, and the odd little studios backed against the old Aurelian wall, achieves, like many things in Rome, a character of its own through a jumbling of diversities.

In this Parnassus scholars mingle with artists, relative beginners with well-known names in art and music. In addition to younger Fellows, the group usually includes an experienced composer, sculptor, painter, and architect in residence, to be available for advice should anyone want it, and to plan Academy art exhibits or concerts. These appointments have included composers Aaron Copland, Samuel Barber, and Nicolas Nabokov, painters Franklin Watkins and Henry Varnum Poor, and architect George Howe. The steady population is also increased by visiting professors from the colleges that contribute to the Academy and holders of Guggenheim or other fellowships which permit residence there.

It is a group that varies in age, and as far as the Fellows are concerned is somewhat older that its prewar equivalents, since an age limit of thirty was abolished after the war. Fellows also may now be married, and wives, but not children, are accommodated at the Academy.

The unusual combination of classicists and artists contributes to the Academy's individual character. It is a little like mixing, in the middle of a foreign city, a temperamental Yaddo or MacDowell Colony with the most self-contained department of a small college. Intellectual mingling is inevitable and interesting. A painter digs for Etruscan objects and then designs jewelry after his findings; a composer sets Catullus to music; Greek or Roman legends appear in the work of sculptors; an artist becomes fascinated with Roman portrait sculpture and the classicists complain that he is taking all *their* books out of the library.

One form of collaboration that the Academy has persistently and hopefully encouraged since its founding is that between artists and architects – the old dream which emerges from world's fairs, as Mr. McKim's did, of a mutual blossoming of these arts. Academy artists are encouraged to learn the techniques of mosaic and fresco, and sculptors to work with architects. The occasional joint projects generally do not work out. The Academy artists have decided philosophically that this kind of thing can only come about naturally, and probably at some later date.

They Go Down into Rome

There is no specification in a fellowship that a certain amount of work must be done during the year. Rome is a hard place in which to get down to work. The artist toils for two or three weeks in a concentrated, conscientious U.S. manner before he begins to feel uneasy. For Rome is at his feet and he goes down the hill to find it. For some the city at first is "too stimulating aesthetically." For others it is too relaxed: Italians take hours over meals, nap for hours after lunch, amble for hours in jostling crowds in the twilight.

But from whichever attitude the artist starts, before he is aware, the trap will have snapped shut. Then he is lost. Rome becomes a demanding, undermining love affair. That it has been one for others and for centuries does not make this less upsetting. So he sees Rome, studies, travels a bit, looks at the view, thinks, and is brought up short in the spring by the discovery that the Academy art show or concert is almost upon him, and he has little to contribute.

All this, and its great potential value, is recognized by the Academy administration, which is painstakingly sympathetic to the idea that a Fellow, however earnest, may produce nothing very definite in his first year. In fact, the Juries of Selection, experts in each field who pick the Fellows, try to choose people who are not too old to be impressionable. At the Academy, this hands-off policy is in the able hands of the present director, Laurance Page Roberts, formerly of the Brooklyn Museum, who presides with detachment, humor, and grace.

WHERE many of the artists spend their first year in the emotional disarray common to love affairs, the classics students settle down more calmly. They are the aristocrats of the academic world: For prestige, every university must have a classics department, and students of the classics are few nowadays, so that jobs come relatively easily. The young classics student approaches Rome with aristocratic ease and a definite project: to consult a certain manuscript or inscription, to see and measure the dimensions of some Roman building. Even if his project does not require his presence there, a knowledge of Rome is invaluable to a future teacher in his field. Rome is his preserve, and the School of Classical Studies makes arrangements for him to see what he needs as easily as possible. Through the winter, there are weekly tours to Roman or Etruscan ruins in and

around Rome. In the spring, for archaeological experience, he may work for two months in the Academy's training excavation at Cosa, where a Roman colony of the third century B.C. is being slowly uncovered, and the leisurely deductions of archaeology formed out of coins, broken dishes, bits of masonry.

The government of Rome may

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believe it owns the Forum, but in fact it belongs to Professor Lily Ross Taylor, head of the School of Classical Studies, and to the other classicists and archaeologists of several nations who frequent it. Miss Taylor paces the Forum as if it were her private garden, checking, with a half critical, half possessive eye, on the progress of bud and aphis, in this case excavation and restoration. Meanwhile, she re-creates and peoples it.

What other members of the Academy see as sights, classicists see in the most favorable circumstances. Where a tourist could spend several days trailing Bernini from the Villa Borghese to St. Peter's, Academicians will see everything in a special Bernini tour. On the classical tours the thoroughness is sometimes too much for the artists who tag along. Artists, according to the classicists, are uninformed ("If you haven't read Horace, seeing his Sabine farm doesn't mean much") and unused to doing homework. Like children, they get bored quickly. After four or five tombs at the Etruscan necropolis at Tarquinia, the artists begin to flag, while the classicists plod doggedly through fifteen or more. Or so the classicists say.

According to a nonclassical Fellow, "The Classicists come to Rome to see a certain thing, so they don't see the disturbing part."

The Puritan in the City

Where, then, is the disturbing part? It has been described many times by talented writers, and always a little differently because it is a compound. To Henry Adams, Rome "seemed a pure emotion, quite free from economic or actual values," and "To young men seeking education in a serious spirit, taking for granted that everything had a cause, and that nature tended to an end . . . the most violent vice in the world." It aroused fury in Mark Twain and defeat: He could not really write about the city because he "felt all the time like a boy in a candy shop—there was everything to choose from, and yet no choice."

It is a compound—of the lackadaisical disorderly vitality of Roman life, the appalling noise of the hair-raising traffic, the violent extravagance of some of Baroque Rome, as well as precious stones, rusty nails, and dirt. Everything is piled on top of something else, and this piling of different periods, the fascinating juxtaposition of ancient, medieval, Romanesque, and Baroque, as in the eastern corner of the Forum, always suggests that a riddle of history is about to be exposed—and yet says at the same time: It just happened, it has no meaning.

It is a compound which in some way is an assault on the moral sense. Americans are still Puritans, in a latter-day way, and one assumption of this latter-day Puritanism is purpose. Our buildings must have purpose, or at least the most purpose possible for the money. What is more pointless than a curling Baroque façade, half of which backs empty air? Why paint impeccable *trompe-l'œil* columns around a room? If you want columns, why not real ones? and they had better hold up the roof. There is little modern architecture in Rome, except the railroad station, to inspire young architects directly. Some of them, wandering through the undemocratically spacious Renaissance palaces, see only waste. And to some artists, the endless angels, golden clouds, gilt, and garlands of Rome are more than purposeless; they are belligerently so. How curious that at the same time they attract, with a pull the more subtle because Rome does not care at all whether you love it or not.

A Puritan falling in love must find a reason for it, and the reason usually discovered by the perplexed American artist is pleasure. This must be what Henry Adams feared, for to admit pleasure as a sufficient reason for anything is immoral.

But what a relief and a delight! All the anomalies may now be allowed to exist. And how much easier it is to work to give pleasure, freed of the constricting obligation to startle, to instruct, or to expound.

This is moral dilapidation, yet it does not debilitate, but leads to discoveries. For an architect the life of Rome, lived out of doors with piazzas for living rooms, induces reflection on what we may have lost through the gridiron construction of our cities. A landscape architect finds that Rome gave him a new eye for the uses of sculpture. A sculptor says it made him see architecture for the first time. An artist says that Rome made him realize that before he came there he didn't like art: He "painted for private reasons and painted privately."

It is a joyous discovery to find that you like what you have decided to do anyway, and it permits another freedom many American artists deny themselves—the freedom to admire. Every year at the Academy, Michelangelo, Donatello, Piero della Francesca, and others are enthusiastically rediscovered. To admire is a pleasure in itself, but there is a catch in it: It in turn can lead to experimentation, enjoyment of study, and hard work. Rome places American artists with their ancestors, and in doing so reassures them (they sometimes doubt it) that art is real.

A School for Millionaires

An American Academy for classicists and artists is clearly a good thing, but what further does this suggest? Our republic is established, our world power consolidated; we have reached a level of national maturity. Are we not at the stage where we can afford to do something for our underprivileged citizens who do not have the background and the advantages that get people into academies, whose busy careworn lives do not allow them the luxury granted to the glorified inhabitants of the Academy—to wander, to look at the view, to think?

I am referring, of course, to American millionaires. If there were an academy for them on a golden Roman hill, where they could sit in the sun and from which they could wander down into the city, then perhaps with a little time, patience, and the help of an understanding administration they too would come to enjoy wasteful piazzas, fountains gushing with arms, legs, dolphins, and monsters—marble angels, cherubs, sphinxes, river gods.

Perhaps they might even commission some.

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The Noble Savages Of Skid Row

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE, by Nelson Algren. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.50.*

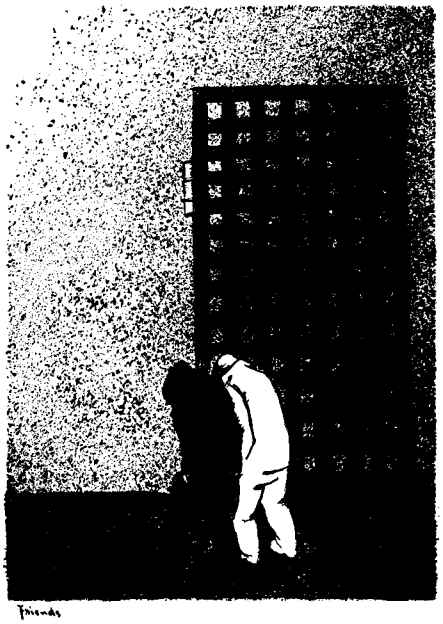
Not all writers are lucky enough to get their first novels written first. Some write them all their lives; some never make it at all. Nelson Algren has finally got to his—six books deep in his career and at just the point where his reputation begins to jell, when everyone has the feeling he has always been there.

In *A Walk on the Wild Side,* he touches directly the critical moment of his life, the juncture at which he took on his pose, his stance, the platitudes and the sentimentality that have informed his work ever since. The place was New Orleans (more precisely, Storyville); the time, 1931; the mood, that half-paralyzed depression-bred self-pity which it was once possible to think of as revolutionary fervor. In that place, at that time, out of that mood, Algren re-created himself from a journalism-school student on the make to the bard of the stumblebum.

That there is more than a little fraud involved in his pose can't, I think, be held against him. For the American writer, the one thing impossible is to speak in his own voice; such obvious honesty never seems to him honest *enough.* If Algren seems heading from the start toward the annoying jacket portrait showing him ankle-deep in back-alley garbage, so was Hemingway always aiming at the candid shot of "Papa" coming out of the African bush, or Faulkner at the post on the porch behind the colonial pillars. Most American novelists share with farmers and shopkeepers the notion that a writer is less *real* than a junkie, a planter, a big-game hunter, or a pug. If Algren's stance apologizes for his art and betrays his lack of faith in his very function, he is in good company; if he had more talent it would not really matter.

Adventure in Nostalgia

Certain talents he does have: the natural novelist's uncanny gift of recall—so that every barroom conversation, every grifter's confidence lives on indefinitely in his mind. His books are always little encyclopedias of offbeat information, unprinted articles from a scandalous *National Geographic.* In the present book we can learn the names and habits of railroad cops over a score of states, the self-imposed "legal codes" of men in jail, the color of jeans worn



at a certain time in a certain small town in Texas.

And then Algren can be really funny. In this novel, a rocking chair, a red-and-green coffeepot, a shameless and greedy Negro girl, and a mosquito are worked into a scene of howling farce. When Algren grows serious, however, he is embarrassing. It is not merely a matter of his impossibly arty prose, his truncated sentences which, aiming at effect, end in incoherence, his inability to pass by an assonance or a jazzy rhythm; in any style, he is able to tell the truth only about *facts.* His people are not rendered as seen, but recast by sentimentality and the desire to make a soapbox point.

In a strange way, Algren, for all his desire to come to terms with an impossibly "real" life, is isolated from the life of his time. He was made, unfortunately, once and for all in the early 1930's, in the literary cult of "experience" of those times. He has not thought a new thought or felt a new feeling since. He has merely recapitulated and stood still, more and more lonely, as our literature has moved on and left him almost a museum piece—the Last of the Proletarian Writers. Naturally, the technical conservatism of his writing and his old-fashioned "new" ideas have not impeded his popularity; the reader knows in advance what he is up against, and the reading of one of his books is an adventure in nostalgia. That is why it seems quite proper for him to come home at last in his latest novel, to put back into the context that bred them the poor platitudes by which he has lived ever since: "'Nobody goes hungry' said Little Round Hoover, wiping chicken gravy off his little round chin. A man with the right stuff in him didn't need government help to find work. That would make him lazy. . . . Self-reliance for the penniless and government help to the rich, the Old Guard was in again." It is as if the *Anvil* had never died, the *New Masses* never shrunk. If only it were all so simple, and we all so young again!

ALGREN is finally a political writer and a moralist, though his politics is largely sentiment and his morality pure corn. Behind his present account of New Orleans pimps and whores there is a point, a gin-soaked pill of bitter wisdom. Indeed, the narrative of *A Walk on the Wild Side* is slight and perfunctory; a major portion of the book is local color and almost all the rest editorial. The climax of the novel is a little sermon in pseudo-popular prose that surely must represent Algren's own point of view, since it is completely improbable in the mind of the character who presumably thinks it: "All I found was two kinds of people. Them that would rather live on the loser's side of the street with the

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other losers than to win off by themselves; and them who want to be one of the winners even though the only way left for them to win was over them who have already been whipped."

Just to be sure we've got it, Algren buttonholes us once more on the jacket, his own exegete: "The book asks why lost people sometimes develop into greater human beings than those who have never been lost in their whole lives."

Ultima Skid Row

These are not, of course, ideas but sentimental indulgences—a refusal to see the very characters the author imagines or remembers except through a haze of forgiving tears. Why the small-time con man or pander seems to Algren nobler than the "Do-Right Daddy," the successful banker, say, whose methods the cheap operator is emulating as best he can, is never made clear to the mind, however compellingly put to the feelings. Rich and poor, all men are liars to themselves, all lost.

Surely, mere material failure is no distinction in the tragic world where all fail. But Algren's world is not tragic; it is melodramatic, the arena for his strange version of the Class Struggle between bum and banker, freak and real-estate owner. There is no room in this expurgated universe for workers or teachers or clerks, no room for anything that does not qualify for a place in an edifying nightmare. Algren's is a world of exotics—the last jungle, inhabited by the last of the Noble Savages, the final goal of literary tourism.

It is, then, as an exotic, a romantic purveyor of escape literature that Algren must be read—this apparent "realist" whose fictional world is at the ultimate remove from any reality his readers know. Beyond Tahiti and Samoa, there exists the last unexplored island: Ultima Skid Row, on which nothing is merely dull, grimy, and without savor, but all grotesque and titillating in the lurid light of Algren's "poetic" prose. It is to the last Romantic America that he takes us, to the last dream turned nightmare, this strange cicerone. What final pleasure we find in his novels we find, alas, as *voyeurs*.

Mr. Myrdal Brings Utilitarianism Up to Date

W. W. and ELSPETH ROSTOW

AN INTERNATIONAL ECONOMY: PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS, by Gunnar Myrdal. *Harper. $6.50.*

There is all the moral intensity of a great Lutheran bishop in Gunnar Myrdal. For deeply moral reasons, however, he has chosen to become an economist and a fighter for causes usually so unfashionable as to insulate him from what he calls "the unbearable discomfort . . . of a climate of substantial agreement."

At fifty-seven, he can look back over a career that at one time or another has made the name Myrdal anathema to Swedish conservatives, to Marxists, to American white Southerners, to pro-Soviet wartime liberals, to opponents of birth control, to the U.S. State Department, to the British Foreign Office, and to the Kremlin. In almost all these groups, however, he has made close friends; for the blue-eyed charm of this big Scandinavian is hard to resist, and for all who value the standards of academic excellence and integrity Myrdal stands as one of the major scholars of his time, whether you agree with him or not. Having virtually exhausted the possibilities for analysis and combat in Europe and America, Myrdal will in time move on to examine the Middle East and Asia. The publication this spring of *An International Economy* is, in a sense, his farewell to one part of his life and the prelude to another.

Wide World

Gunnar Myrdal

Crusader's Career

The man who has taken on the world in this manner remains firmly a Swede, a Social Democrat, and a professor. Farm-born, trained in law and political economy, Myrdal was something of a boy wonder, a condition from which he has never wholly recovered. A Rockefeller grant brought him and his talented wife to the United States in 1929. A year later, at thirty-one, he was teaching graduate students in Geneva. Stockholm awarded him the chair of political economy when he was thirty-five. Shortly afterward, the Carnegie Corporation launched him on a monumental study of the American Negro, and Harvard invited him to give the Godkin Lectures. A career of public service in Sweden which had sent him regularly to the Senate culminated in 1945 with his appointment as Minister of Commerce.

Since 1947 he has confounded his critics by sticking doggedly to his often frustrating post as Executive Secretary of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe (ECE) in Geneva and making of that post a model of conscientious, effective international civil service. Not the least of his achievements is that he has hacked out a unique common-law status for himself and his ECE secretariat colleagues in which the impartiality of international civil service is interpreted as permitting a searching, irreverent public analysis of the most cherished beliefs and policies of member governments.

His public career, however, matters less to Myrdal than the shelf of original and scholarly works he has written over the years. He likes to interrupt his own conversation to

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remark, "I've said all this in a book, you know." And he usually has. For Americans generally, if he is known at all, it is as the author of *An American Dilemma*, that immense classic on Negro-white relations which has been widely read, used in schools, and cited in the Supreme Court's decision on segregation. *An International Economy* will not reach as many readers as the *Dilemma*, nor is it so substantial a work of original scholarship, but its theme is of universal interest in the contemporary world and it should certainly exercise an important influence over a long future.

All the geological layers of Myrdal's career can be detected in this book. The student of political economy is there, as is the analyst of alien cultures; the Senator and Cabinet Minister join with the professor; the bright boy plays his slightly malicious games under the eyes of the Lutheran moralist; above all, the international civil servant, taking the U.N. Charter seriously, ticks off the member governments on their shortcomings.

A Tract for the Times

Myrdal's new book, then, is a tract for the times, an analysis of major policy issues, and a prescription of courses of action for the international community and its member nations. Its distinction, however, lies less in its prescriptions than in the method by which they are derived.

There are many grounds on which it can be urged that the world's industrialized nations should now enlarge the flow of loans and technical assistance to the underdeveloped nations. There are many good arguments for lowering U.S. tariffs, for stabilizing income for producers of raw materials, and generally for moving the world economy toward unity. In fact, these arguments have become clichés.

Myrdal has chosen to approach these familiar themes from an unfamiliar perspective, by reaching back to the individualist, utilitarian fundamentals on which modern democratic societies are based. His exposition is an exercise in the principles of the Enlightenment; and it is as a rigorous demonstration that the deepest, most easily forgotten precepts of democratic societies are still relevant and useful that this book will rank among the foremost works of social science in the twentieth century.

Logically, one should begin with the book's appendix, which defines "economic integration" and identifies its origins in democratic theory. Myrdal reopens the dilemma of utilitarianism in terms of which much of the history of democratic politics can be told: On the one hand, the production system will produce the best results if individuals are free to buy and sell in such ways as to give them the greatest personal satisfaction; on the other hand, the production system won't produce the best results unless the community underwrites the equality of individual opportunity. Further, income distribution will not be optimum unless income is redistributed to a degree in favor of the poor. An extra dollar is apt to give less satisfaction to a rich man than to a poor man; therefore the community's total satisfaction, in the utilitarian calculus, can be increased by transferring the dollar to the poor man. On this revolutionary doctrine progressive tax structures were built, the proceeds used in part to equalize opportunity, and Marx was refuted.

Myrdal defines a democratic "integrated economy," then, not merely as one with a free competitive market and uniform prices; it is also a society in which citizens feel a sufficient communal sense to permit the state to tax them in order to equalize opportunity and redistribute income.

The classical doctrine of free international trade, of course, was simply an extension to the international community of propositions on which free competitive national markets were based. An integrated international economy, it was argued, would develop if integrated national economies specialized along lines of natural advantage and traded freely. This is the great world vision which flowed from the postulates of democracy.

'The World Adrift'

With almost sadistic clarity, Myrdal demonstrates that in four major respects the democracies have recently

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been moving away from their professed goal of increased integration, reaffirmed when the new international economic organizations were set up at the end of the Second World War.

First, the success of national welfare states has inhibited the effort to pursue an integrated international economy. Domestic economic planning and the protection of national welfare levels have turned the descendants of John Stuart Mill into practitioners of autarchy.

Second, in western Europe, where apparently strenuous efforts to increase international integration were undertaken, the programs were superficially devised and the results, after a decade, are of little economic significance.

Third, the East-West conflict has on balance probably increased the tendency toward economic disintegration in the non-Soviet sphere.

Fourth, and most important, the gap in real income per head has widened between the industrialized nations (which have continued to grow) and the underdeveloped nations (where there has been stagnation or very slow growth in most cases).

We live in a world not merely of trade and currency controls but one where the great international flows of productive capital and migration which gave life to the international economy of the last century have all but dried up. It is this sobering assessment which has given the book in one of its foreign editions the title *The World Adrift*. The last chapter begins: "A study of trends and problems in the field of international economic integration ten years after the end of the Second World War must invest us with humility and even anxiety."

'Today's Practical Agenda'

Myrdal rightly shows the most concern over the chief manifestation of economic disintegration, the largest denial of the democratic vision. In devoting at least half of the book to the underdeveloped areas, their domestic problems, and their economic relations with the rest of the world community, he makes vivid the causes and consequences of the widening gap between the industrialized and underdeveloped nations. He demonstrates that most underdeveloped areas cannot be regarded as integrated national economies and that they still lack the political and social preconditions for sustained economic growth. Having explored their problems of trade and capital, he turns finally to prescription.

"Today's Practical Agenda" as formulated by Myrdal includes many steps that would move the non-Soviet world economy towards a higher level of integration. His dominant proposal is that the industrialized nations—and not just the United States—undertake greatly enlarged programs of capital supply to the underdeveloped nations. Again, the idea itself is not new; it is Myrdal's manner of argument that merits attention.

For Myrdal avoids the conventional argument about the threat of Communist exploitation among the frustrated peoples of Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America, although elsewhere in the book he speaks his mind about Communism with some candor. He advances instead the following possibility: Whereas Marx's view of the class struggle within democratic capitalist societies has been proved false by the development of integrated economies, there is a threat of international class struggle and a partial fulfillment of Marx's prognosis if income distribution is permitted to become progressively more unequal between industrialized and underdeveloped countries. There is evident force in this point, although in advancing this argument Myrdal permits himself a dangerous ambiguity.

If the question were purely one of redistribution of income, then given the gap between incomes in the two areas and the number of human beings involved, the scale of the problem would make the task hopeless, and the only rational course for the West would be to defend its way of life from the international proletariat as best it could. But this is not the question. The question is whether or not the West is prepared to assist the underdeveloped nations into a stage where regular growth is a normal feature of their societies. Basically, this is a job that they must do for themselves, but the West can assist in equalizing opportunities by helping transmit known production techniques and making capital available on reasonable terms. It is a wholly practical goal for the world community to seek a situation where all the presently underdeveloped areas are enjoying regular increases in real per capita income, year after year. But it is not a practical or a particularly significant objective to seek an equalization of income on a world scale in any foreseeable future.

Not by Bread Alone

Fortunately Myrdal does not stop at this threat of world class warfare. He goes deeper and describes the spiritual desert developing as a by-product of the successful welfare states of our time. In perhaps the most important passage of the book he writes:

"What, in the end, are we going to do with our wealth, except to increase it all the time and make it ever more certain that all of us have an equal opportunity to acquire it? I admit that we are not there yet. But to reach it is definitely within our grasp. What then, on the other side of the hills, is our distant goal? What shall we strive for? . . . While the dreamers, planners, and fighters of earlier generations are finally getting almost all they asked for, somehow the 'better life' in a moral and spiritual sense, the craving for which was their supreme inspiration, is slow in developing. . . . *To my mind, there is no doubt that our moral dilemma is related to the fact that the 'welfare state,' which we have built up . . . . which we are not going to give up, and which we are bent upon constantly improving, is nationalistic.* [Italics ours—Ed.] Solidarity is rapidly developing but it is increasingly confined within the national boundaries. At the same time . . . . nations are inevitably moving towards greater interdependence."

Myrdal's answer is that the industrialized nations must now turn to assist the underdeveloped nations "Not merely to save the world, but primarily to save our own souls. . . ." It is the Lutheran bishop who gives the final word.

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What They're Reading In France, Italy, and Russia

MARC SLONIM

During the last few years we have heard so much about the decline of reading and about TV supplanting the book that news of a flourishing book trade in Europe comes as a pleasant surprise. The truth is that in various European countries a cultural upsurge went along with economic reconstruction. More books are being published in Britain and on the Continent than before the Second World War. Britain and West Germany lead the West with some twenty-two thousand titles a year each, and France comes next with a yearly average of twelve thousand—as many as the United States. Two-thirds of French books are fiction and belles-lettres. In 1954, 1,254 foreign books were translated into French against 568 in 1937—a sign that the French are growing more interested in the outside world. Even Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland have substantial yearly averages of 6,500, 4,500, and 3,500 titles respectively.

In this formidable flood of printed words, it is possible to discern some main currents and select, especially in fiction, a few works typical of the European mentality of 1956.

Back to Surrealism?

The most popular book in France today, according to statistics, is a strange novel by André Dhotel, *Le Pays Ou l'On N'Arrive Jamais* ("The Country One Never Reaches"), and the most widely discussed is *Le Fils de Jerphanion* ("Jerphanion's Son") by Jules Romains.

A man in his forties, André Dhotel has already published some eighteen books, among them eleven novels, but only this last work appealed to large audiences. Its sales, above two hundred thousand, put it ahead of the two most distinguished selections of the year, the Goncourt Prize novel, *Les Eaux Mêlées* ("The Mixed Waters"), a realistic epic by Roger Ikor, and the Renaudot Prize novel, *Le Moissonneur d'Epines* ("The Reaper of Thorns"), a social-psychological narrative by George Govy.

Dhotel's fairy tale for adults is written in the "magic" or visionary tradition, not unlike Alain Fournier's *The Wanderer* or Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*. Its heroes are also children—the fourteen-year-old simpleton Gaspard whose clumsiness always provokes minor domestic catastrophes and the fugitive Helen who flees the home of her rich benefactor in order to undertake a fantastic search for her mother, whom she finally finds in a traveling circus. The wanderings of both children on land and sea and the adventures of their weird friends, including a fiery piebald horse and a bear from a movie menagerie, are told with a superb blending of the wondrous and the real, of the fanciful and the symbolic.

In the opinion of many critics, the great and unexpected success of this novel announces a revival of surrealism. It is significant that some other widely read novels of the year, such as the ironic and pathetic *Les Elans du Coeur* ("Vagaries of the Heart"), a story of an unhappy love by the young and talented Félicien Marceau, *L'Ile du Fou* ("The Madman's Island") by André Soubiran, or *La Poupée* ("The Doll") by Audiberti, an uncanny tale placed in South America, all contain traces of surrealism. It seems that French readers, weary of the crude naturalism they call "American import," of home-made sexual perversions, and of internationally accepted psychological sophistications, are seeking a refuge in works of pure imagination.

Considering the controversy aroused by *Le Fils de Jerphanion*, which marked the sensational comeback of the seventy-one-year-old Romains, French readers are also look-

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ing for a literary reflection of their society. One of the protagonists of *Men of Good Will,* the twenty-seven-volume chronicle of France between 1908 and 1933 in which Romains tried to compete with Balzac, is Jerphanion, and his son, Jean-Pierre, is the hero of the new novel. But his story is not a mere postscript to the famous epic. It is conceived as portrayal of the generation that came of age on the eve of the Second World War, went through the humiliation of defeat, joined the Resistance, and lost its illusions in the morass of the postwar France. This "drama of a generation," as the author calls his study of French moral confusion and anxiety, is obscured by Jean-Pierre's personal twist. The most discussed chapters of the novel depict the young man's initiation into love through his incestuous relations with his mother. Parisian critics, who are not easily shocked, have been slightly embarrassed by the erotic imagination of the septuagenarian and apparently inexhaustible Academician.

Italy: Human Interest

While poetic prose and psychological exploration prevail in French writing, the Italians seem to cling to more conservative, realistic forms. It is well known that neo-realism has been the most important literary movement in post-Mussolini Italy. All attempts, however, to exploit this movement for certain political ends and to direct it toward the well-controlled underpass of "socialist realism" have failed. The country that has the largest Communist Party in western Europe refused to follow Moscow's literary patterns. Communist critics have recently been disappointed with *Metello* by Vasco Pratolini, a story of a poor bricklayer in Florence about 1900. Though the well-known author of *A Tale of Poor Lovers* does describe the class struggle, the social conditions, and the union movement of fifty years ago, the spirit and ideology of his novel are far from being Marxist or Leninist, and its best pages are those in which Pratolini portrays his hero's love life or his eccentric friends—old anarchists, moderate socialists, and a rich contractor. Some Communist critics tried to read their own significance into the novel and even compared it with Zola's *Germinal* and Gorky's *Mother,* but they were impelled to recognize ultimately that the main merit of the story lay in its human interest and in the literary and regional manner in which it was narrated.

The same is true of Domenico Rea's new and fine collection of short stories, *Quel che Vide Cummeo* ("What Cummeo Saw"), a warm and often pathetic picture of poor people in the slums of Naples. Rea emerged lately in Italian literature as one of the major writers of the south, and he presents poverty, sordidness, and the struggle for survival of his Neapolitan compatriots not as social data but as individual human dramas projected against the vast background of economic misery and political backwardness.

Red Letters

It is not surprising that "socialist realism" does not fare well in Italy.

As a matter of fact it is on the decline in the satellite countries, and it shows decided signs of decrepitude in Soviet Russia. It is too early to say to what extent the failure of "production" novels and of story formulas about virtuous party organizers and heroes of labor on collective farms is symptomatic of the "new look," but undeniably some changes are under way in Soviet letters since the beginning of 1956.

For example, Ilya Ehrenburg, whose writings are often called "barometric," reflects the political weather in the second part of his novel *The Thaw,* the first part of which was published in English last year. In his concluding chapters he introduces a character that is quite a novelty in Soviet literature: a man who had been sentenced to prison and exile and returns from labor camps after a seventeen-year absence to be told that he was a victim of intrigues, mistakes, and miscarriage of justice. Another protagonist of the novel is a painter who, after years of starvation and obscurity, emerges as a great artist —even though his landscapes and portraits do not contain any social message.

Even more revealing than Ehrenburg's novel is the success of *Serezha* by Vera Panova. Since their original publication in 1955 in the monthly *Novy Mir,* these episodes from the life of a seven-year-old child, written with a Chekhovian sense for detail and a kindly humor, have found hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic readers. It is obvious that all of them greatly appreciated the fact that this nonpolitical novelette was completely devoid of clichés.

In his sensational speech at the Twentieth Party Congress, Mikhail Sholokhov, the dean of Soviet writers, declared that readers feel that contemporary Russian fiction is dull and contrived. No wonder then that they welcome even mediocre works provided they do not repeat official slogans.

Such was the case with *Elena* by Xenia Lvova, another best-seller, which found large audiences because of unusually frank descriptions of physical passion. The Victorian prudishness of Soviet censors and the puritanical attitudes of party leaders created such a stifled atmosphere in contemporary Russian literature that any work with sensual revelations is bound to become a favorite with the public.

The Great Live Again

Not less indicative is the restoration of Dostoevsky, which has assumed proportions unusually large even for a country where spectacular shifts of opinion are customary. *The Idiot, A Raw Youth,* and other novels by Dostoevsky not reprinted for the last twenty-five years came out in 1956 in mass editions, while dramatic adaptations of such works as *Crime and Punishment, The Brothers Karamazov, The Gambler,* and *The Idiot* (the last staged by the Stanislavsky Theater in Moscow) have recently become box-office successes.

As in the political sphere, western optimists welcome this cultural liberalization as the dawn of a new era; pessimists adopt the cautious formula of "wait and see."

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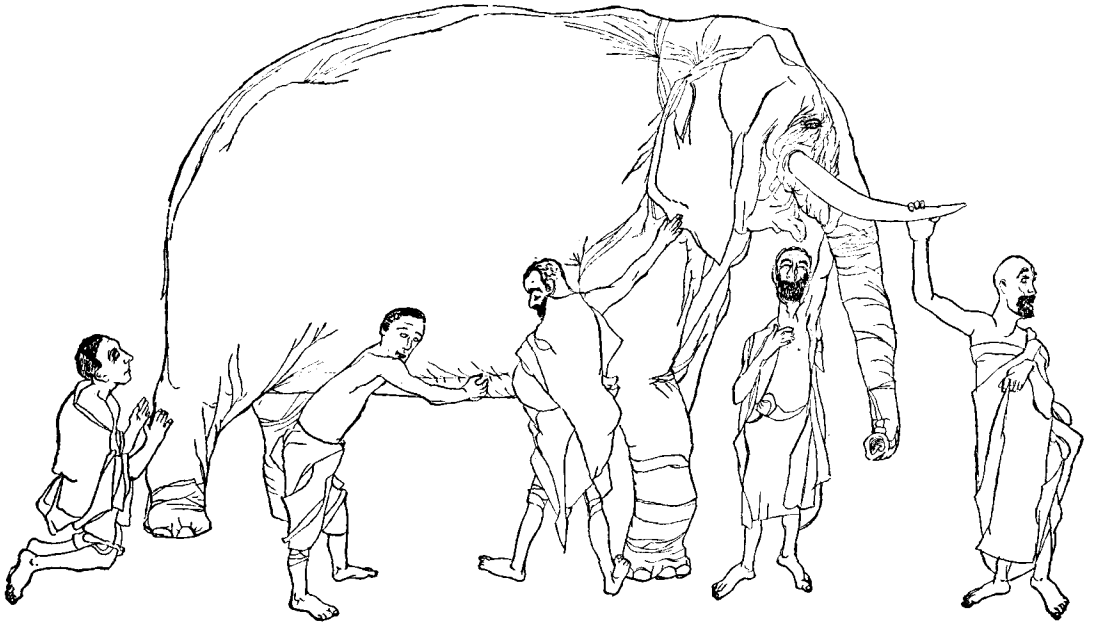

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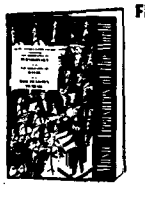

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